14 AUG 1932
MADRAS

JAPANESE CHILDREN

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The INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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YOUTH'S ILLUSIONS.

The dreams we dream of when we're young,
How they vanish one by one,
How youth's illusions fade away
With the setting of the golden sun,
Each day.

And then the thrill of living fades;
Our young ambitions swiftly die;
The wish to be of high renown,
And to build up castles soaring high
Breaks down.

To our childish minds, the earth just seems
An enchanted world of mystic things,
Of fairy lights, and gleaming gold,
Till we, on Time's eternal wings,
Grow old.

Oh Time, let not our ideals perish,
Age, let not our visions die;
But let us youth's illusions cherish,
Though fleeting years go hasting by.

Padmini Satthianadhan.

ASPIRATIONS OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD

BY 'S'

IN these unquiet days of turbulent external action and internal misgiving, I am afraid to stop and think and analyse my feelings. Once I was told by an older woman that this generation was living in a blessed era ef great doing, an epoch - making period and a historic landmark for all time. If we pause to think, it is so. To take but one phase of it, never before in the history of India has there been such forceful action on the part of her women. It is absolutely marvellous; within the last ten, nay five years, shy retiring women, who took no interest beyond their own homes, have become rousing forces to such a degree that far-seeing politicians perforce have to stand and acclaim that "the future of India lies in the hands of her women." So, there is a great future for us—the making or un-making of a nation. Are we fit for it ?

The first heart-searching question should be "what are my aspirations?" Have I any, or am I just drifting ? I am afraid to answer this for myself. The currents are too many and too strong. I am either weak or lazy, so it may happen that I am content to be carried on. But "to be weak is to be miserable."—So—?

I have asked a few of my men-friends, what they think are the aspirations of present-day Indian women ? The replies were varied and not too complimentary. "Oh, to be in the public eye and court cheap popularity," said one; "to talk platitudes to an applauding public and get charming notices in the papers", said another. "Wrong Judgment", said a third ; "wanting in sense of proportion and perspective", said a fourth, and so on. Of course, these are the opinions of mere men, who perhaps just see the obvious and fail to understand the motive force underlying, the forceful current of anxiety to work and serve one's country. Having so far been limited just to the home sphere, the rebound is into national life and the result is an upheaval and the over-riding of all obstacles of creed, tradition and usage. But the pity of it is, that it has touched only a few. It is up to these few to transmit the working force. What a grand opportunity for work ! But is it being done? - Or rather, are we not wasting ourselves in the several ways that men are criticising us for ? To my mind, the only hope of attaining real nationality in India is by Social service, and it is up to us women to do it. Those, who like politics, may take part in guiding the Government; but, I am sure,

most of us are more fit to take part in the "social drama" around us. Woman has always been the messenger of "sweetness and light", has been sung through all ages as the grace-giver and the peace-maker, and was in the first instance created to bring gentleness and refinement into man's sphere. In India, if we get to the rock-bottom of things, we shall find that this "grace" has hitherto been denied to the life of the nation. Women have been wonderful mothers, most faithful wives and true worshippers of their deities, but they have not gone beyond their own homes, and so the refining touch of gentleness, sweetness and light has not been felt in the institutions of the country; but what better time is there than now for this? So it is up to us, in the words of a great man, to "see the social Drama around us with our own eyes, to survey it in its peculiar setting, to re-educate ourselves to renew contact with reality, to look lovingly around for a long time, for sight will beget insight."

In the snap-book of the Editor, I have seen faces of shy beauty, of eyes full of a curious questioning, of a wanting to know and be known; these were taken by her as she went through the villages on her tours. I felt so sorry for my village-sisters and such a longing to help? Is it not my duty to go round to them and help them to live sweet and clean lives, to spread sweetness and light by teaching them hygienic ways of living, and truth and honesty in doing whatever their hands find to do? So little of village work is done by us. The Missionary women of England and America are doing much for our people. What of ourselves?

Service should be our watchword. We, a few friends living in the same neighbourhood, can band ourselves together and get our women servants together one evening in a week and teach them to sew, to keep faces and hands clean, and hair and garb neat, and to live honestly and frugally. Is it not one of the criticisms, levelled against us, that as a nation we have not a sense of duty?

An Indian lady, whom I know, the mother of a high official in Government, gave an *At Home* to her establishment, both home and official, I mean those of the serving classes. She and her family made themselves one with them in eating, in games and in amusements, much to the amazement of their guests; and the dictum was "was there ever such a family?" We are always demanding work from our servants and we imagine that a little inaction and a little kindness will spoil them. This is true in several instances, but we must not forget that they have the same capacities and instincts for enjoyment that we have; an afternoon-off, an evening at the Pictures, a visit to the Zoo, or an opportunity to listen to the aerial, or even to get a glimpse of the sea, will surely lighten the monotony of work. I once sent my woman servant and her family to the Pictures and, on her return, she naively remarked, that, when she saw the whirl of a wild storm on the screen, she absolutely shivered with cold, though it was a sweltering day in May! Such are the possiblities. While we are busy talking about "untouchables" and educating the literate, we each in our own sphere, can in several ways train the mind and the imagination of

our own house-servers. Night and even-ing classes for working men and women, magic-lantern shows, can very well be managed by many of our educated girls. They can, and I am sure, willingly will, do much good work, if the social working centres can open such classes, in every possible division.

It is so easy to preach destruction, I mean, to exhort to do away with evil practices. But before this is done, the work of construction should begin. Prepare and make ready and have something beautiful to offer, when you would fain get rid of evil forces. Moral and social Hygiene workers preach to the poor unfortunates, but it would be so much more effective if they had bright and beautiful homes to receive them into, as a counter-attraction; and who can do this better than the women themselves. It is the same with the institutions that are being opened everywhere for vagrants and the aged. Only a *homey* institution can anchor the wandering instincts of the tramp—and this again can only be done by women.

Each of us in our own sphere can, with time and thought, make nature, humanity, love and life gain new meanings for us and deliver new messages to us; thus we and others will acquire "the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the receiving mind and the heart to give largely." A beautiful spirit in a beautiful body and in a beautiful environment, is what is wanted now in India,—I mean by the word "beautiful" all that is best and holiest. Unity, sympathy, love and service will follow, but the centre of it all is the realisation that the Creator has crowned each one of us with wonderful graces, not for selfish enjoyment, but for shedding light and warmth around, and this can only come by close living with God alone.

MAXIMS OF CONDUCT.

The comeliness of youth is modesty and frankness; of age, condescension and dignity.

Convey to others no intelligence which you should be ashamed to avow. We should be careful not to follow the example of persons, who censure the opinions, manners and customs of others, merely because they are foreign to them.

True gentleness is natural feeling heightened and improved by principle.

Be not overcome by the injuries you meet with, so as to pursue revenge; by the disasters of life, so as to sink into despair; by the evil examples of the world, so as to follow them into sin; overcome injuries by forgiveness, disasters by fortitude, evil examples by fairness of principle.

(SELECTED).

Mrs. Elizabeth Kuruvilla, M.A., Ex-M.L.C.

Who presided over the women's conference of the Kerala Christian Congress held at Tiruvella in April.

Mrs. Leilavathi Shreenivassa Aserappa.

Daughter of Mrs. M. A. Shreenivasa, retired Deputy Directress of Public Instruction, Madras, and wife of Dr. C. V. Aserappa, Medical Officer of Health, Colombo. She has been elected President, Women's Political Union of Ceylon; 1st Vice President, Y. W. C. A. Colombo; Hon Sec., Exhibition Branch, Colombo Ladies' League; Hon. Sec., House Committee, Victoria Home for Incurables, Colombo; Committee Member, Rural Reconstruction Society; Committee Member, Dry Zone Colonisation Scheme; Hospital Visitor, Colombo Ladies' League; Committee Member, Society for Promoting Nursing as a Profession in Ceylon.

Miss Mainabhai B. Jog,

Artist, Bombay. Her '*Basrelief*' was exhibited by the Sir J. J. School of Art of India, at the India House Exhibition, London.

Photo :—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

Photos :—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

Rajkumari Shivapuri (sitting) with **Giriraj Kumari** (standing) who carried away the first prize and silver medal in the Elocution and singing competitions held at the Kayastha Pathashala, Allahabad, recently.

Photo :—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.*

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF ASTRONOMY

BY H. FITZGERALD

IT was no wonder that the greatest dramatic genius in the world's history possessed a many-sided knowledge of physical subjects, besides a deep insight into those philosophical. Shakespeare's knowledge of English law as displayed in his works led some to believe that he must for some period in his young age have served an attorney. Lord Campbell, an eminent lawyer, wrote a whole book on the poet's knowledge of law, called "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements." He was not unfamiliar with the craft of printing; and it is said that if he had passed his whole life in a printing office he could not have learnt anything more of the details of the art ("Shakespeare and Typography"). Again, Shakespeare displayed wonderfully his familiarity with insect life, and the characteristics of birds and animals. He was a keen observer of life and was, therefore, as familiar with the characteristics of plants as with those of animals. Yet again, Shakespeare's knowledge of science—medical, geological, and astronomical—was very wide and in advance, in some respects, of his time.

The poet knew the boundless wonder of the heavens, and he frequently refers to particular constellations, to eclipses, meteors, and the signs of the Zodiac, as well as to the planets Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars. We may, perhaps, fancy that it is the Shakespeare-Astronomer himself, in the second scene to Julius Cæsar, in the person of Cassius, speaking to Brutus, thus—

> " The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

In the following passages, we see the poet alluding to some of the important phases of the heavens:

Constellation of Virgo. In Titus Andronicus (IV, 3), Titus says:

"Now masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas."

Eclipse of the Sun. In King Lear (1, 2), Gloster says to Edmund;

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us".

Eclipse of the Moon. In Antony and Cleopatra (III, 13), Antony, dismissing the messenger of Cæsar, says to Cleopatra:

> "Alack, our terrene moon
> Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
> The fall of Antony!"

Meteors. In King John (V, 2), Lewis says:

This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors".

In King Richard II (II, 4), the Captain informs the Earl of Salisbury :

"The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And metors fright the fixed stars of heaven".

Signs of the Zodiac. In Love's Labour's Lost (V, 2), the Princess stipulates the time limit before the King ;

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs.
Have brought about their annual reckoning".

The Moon's Phases. In Romeo and Juliet (II, 2), Juliet says to Romeo :

"O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable".

The Sun's Journey. In All's Well that ends Well (II, 1), Helena says to the King :

"Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring".

Comets. In King Henry VI, pt. I (I, 1), the Duke of Bedford says :

"Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky ;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death !

Shooting Stars. In King Richard II (II, 4), the Earl of Salisbury says :

"Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !"

Conjunction of the Planets. In King Henry IV, pt. II (II, 4), Prince Henry speaks :

"Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ;
What says the almanack to that ?"

The Pleiades. In King Henry IV, pt. I (I, 2), speaking to Prince Henry, Falstaff says :

"We, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars ; and not by Phœbus".

The Great Bear. In Othello (II, 1), speaking of the flood, the Second Gentleman says :

"The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear".

The Watery Moon. In A Midsummer Night's Dream (III, 1), Titania, having fallen in love with a mortal, says:

"The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye ;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity".

Composition of the Stars. In Hamlet (II, 2), in a letter to Ophelia, Hamlet writes :

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move".

Mock Moons. In King John (IV, 2), Hubert says to King John:

"My Lord, they say five moons were seen tonight;
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion".

The Pole Star. In Julius Cæsar (III, 1), when Brutus and others plead before Cæsar for mercy to be shown to Publius Cimber, he says:

" But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament".

In the end, we may once again fancy that Shakespeare must have had himself in mind when, in Sonnet 14, he thus describes his hero:

" Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality".

THE PAST DRIFTS BY.

From far, the nodding tops of coco'nut trees
Woo back the dim forgotten past;
And, wafted on the wings o' the gentle breeze,
Come memories in pale hues cast.

Like yonder wispy clouds, the Past drifts by,
Which clothe in white the tumbling hills,
But soon the clouds and hills and distant sky
With gorgeous light the sun-set fills!

R. C.

INDIAN ART & RELIGION

By V. Thangaswami

THE function of art is to transform the abstract into the concrete, and clothe the concrete in flesh and blood, so as to pulsate and throb with the life and vigour of a definite purpose. Art is something impersonal and co-existent; snatch art away, the object from which it is dissociated becomes lifeless. It is art that infuses life into the lifeless and transfigures the unreal into the real. It is this indefinable outward garb that makes stones live, and portrays pictures of ancient fame and history on the canvas of life.

True art is religion writ large. If not so, what could have been the cause of the mural paintings and architectural designs, which we find most prominently in Hindu, Buddhistic and Jain temples and shrines? Art stirs up deep emotional feelings of awe and reverence and kindles the inner soul of an artist to white heat by fine impulses and susceptibilities. Just as fire is latent in flint and comes to expression by friction, so does art from religion.

It may be said that an artist possesses an exact and comprehensive soul, in the sense that he can admit of the free and harmonious play of mind and body, brain and eye, through the medium of critical faculties. The happy blending of the physical and the mental results in the production of a pictorial design. The artist possesses such a keen eye, that he is able to perceive even a microscopic spot, which in his view may loom large and tend to mar the design. This acute sense of vigilant perception is denied to the ordinary man, and hence the expression, "the eye of an artist". has come to assume a proverbial aspect.

To infuse life into images and make them throb with life and meaning is a mighty task demanded only from a few. Despite the onward march of centuries, some pictures still breathe life, as it found expression aeons ago. An artist finds joy and beauty in his work, which he considers a labour of love. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." He visualises the unseen with his prophetic eye and hand. Through his facile pen or chisel, he carves out the past in bits of living glory, which serve as a perennial fountain of enjoyment and delight. A note of joy and love is characteristic of his whole course of endeavour.

Again the spirit of an artist is ever yearning for the unseen. For instance, the picture of a *yogi* rapt in profound meditation is the exhibition of the perfect control of mind over matter, the sway of spiritual force over the material, setting forth the creative aspect of the spirit. To represent this picture in live colours is to call forth the spiritual talents of an artist. Sometimes delving deep into the abyss of human misery, he

succeeds in portraying a young man in his prime, but apparently a victim to gnawing cares and miseries, with a haggard face, sunken eyes, aching brows, wrinkled forehead, hollow cheeks, grey hair and sallow complexion, the awful symptoms of premature old age.

By the study of Indian architecture and sculpture, we know that it is always unsafe to assume that the Indian point of view is the same as the European. It is just in the different ideas of realism and outlook upon Nature that we find the gulf that separates Eastern thought and Eastern art from Western. In India, elaborate sculpture and exquisite architecture have been the resultants of quickened religious enthusiasm; and the Hindu conception of art, as the medium of expressing one's thoughts or emotions, takes its place along with music and poetry. Touched by divine fire, it is a revealer of idealistic conceptions, a certain suggestiveness of the infinite. To constitute art, therefore, the thought must be noble and chaste and the way of expressing it must be graceful. The chastening beauty, no less than the alluring loveliness of scenes, the picturesque imagery, colour and technique, the golden garment of glory, the mystical expression, the inner revelation and high-wrought philosophy logically evolved, is the quintessence of Indian art.

In the art history of India, we need never fear a dearth of examples. In the galaxy of painters and artists, figure illustrious names. Bengal, more than any other part of India, has of late given birth to a rich crop of artists and painters. Artists are thus the living instruments of the modern renaissance, who regard Ajanta and Sanchi not as ruins, as outsiders are prone to do, but as "living oracles of art."

"Art in India seeks to depict not the material reality, but the idea that is behind the manifestatation of matter. That is to say, to each piece of matter is attached mind, crystallised, amorphous or fluid. There is thus a world of mind, of which the world of matter is a section. The purpose of Indian art is the delineation of this world of mind. The structure of that world is different from that of the matter world. Indian mythology is a symbolic representation of this world, expressed crudely but necessarily, in terms of material concepts. So is Indian sculpture. Gods with four hands and three eyes are opposed to our logic. But they represent the fact of a different logic, being true for the world of mind. It is not a world of material perfection. It is a world where the harmony of mind and matter is perfect. Such a world is the world of spirit."

The aesthetic feelings of the artist often reach the heights of mystic experience. Human life abounds in sporadic types of mystic consciousness. The artist transcends the ordinary limitations of life and sees a region unexplored by mortal eye, a region full of frank romanticism and unvarnished mysticism. It is mind that penetrates matter and creates countless forms and features through creative energy. When matter is discarded, we come in contact with the spirit, the spirit that makes us

wander from this mundane sphere and leads us to the shore, "from whose bourne no traveller returns." Thus the veil of Maya is lifted up. Herein lies the true essence of Indian art and genius.

In Indian pictures, we often perceive the undercurrent of a mystic spell which is an index, nay, a tribute to the Indian mind and nationhood. The mysticism of the "unchanging East" seeks its refuge in such pictures. A typical Indian picture of art may be taken to represent with fair accuracy Indian national sentiments, altitude of thought, angle of vision, philosophical temperament and "sober wishes that never learned to stray." Here is rightly fulfilled the unqualified function and purpose of art, which finds its high watermark in pictures and paintings of Indian home-life, amid peaceful and placid Eastern scenes.

It is common knowledge that a Western tourist or critic is overwhelming in his praise of Indian art. Why? If Buddha's image is the embodiment of peace and quiet, then it is a marvellous thing of art which, being "a thing of beauty," as Keats would have it, "is a joy for ever." It is just like publishing a book exhorting others to practise virtue and insisting on every one reading it. Art is certainly utilitarian. a potent means of diffusing education, religious principles and tenets.

In theory, therefore, there is little difference between worshipping an image of Nataraja, or reading a short discourse on Hindu religion and philosophy. It is needless also to say that to the truly-cultured the worship of an image is unnecessary. "The vulgar look for gods in water; men of wider knowledge in celestial bodies; the ignorant in woods, bricks or stones; but the wisest men in the Universal Self." But the human mind in its attempt to stretch beyond itself longs to embrace the concrete and makes God in the image of man. God, according to accepted ordinary ideas, is Saguna. One need not be concerned with the higher philosophy, which holds that God is *Nirguna.* And the *gunas* attributed to God are the ideals of our practice, human virtues. This is perhaps based on the theory that we were once parts of God and have, by reason of our own actions, become separated. And the object of worshipping an image is to remind us of our past connection. This explains why, in our conceptions of God, we have endowed him with the human form.

When one understands the purpose of idol worship, conceding, of course, that the really praiseworthy thing would be to concentrate on our conceptions of God without such external aid, it is easy to understand the structure of a Hindu temple. When one pictures to oneself the thousand-pillared mandapams at Madura and Chidambaram, where art and fancy run *amok*, one is irresistibly reminded of the lines of Congreve,

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars bear their lofty heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquility; it strikes awe and terror to my aching sight."

Like music and poetry, sculpture is considered a fine art. Indian sculptures are an actual realisation of greatness. The most stupendous monuments of Pandya greatness are shown at the Meenakshi temple of Madura, which embody, not only the greatness and the deep religious instincts of the rajahs, but also the spirit of the times. The four dominating "cloud-capt" towers of dizzy height, which overlook the time-honoured city, bespeak a genius for skill in fine arts. The dim corridors of the temple and the mural paintings of the Tiruvilayadal Puranas on the inner vestibules have a special import to us. The figures of the goddess Kali and the demon are unique masterpieces of pose and expression; and the whole group is dynamic with life and movement. The goddess Durga is giant-strength itself. The old, old theme of the antagonism of good and evil finds here a fitting and most impressive interpretation; and thus art is fulfilled of its purpose. There is much to be said for the skill, with which movement is suggested by attitude, gesture and expression. The colossal figure is a rapturous embodiment of divine femininity. The God swallowing the poison produced at the great churning of the ocean by the Devas and the Asuras; the Kalyanasundarar, the usual representative of the marriage of Sundareswarar with the goddess Meenakshi (the fish-eyed); the group containing Siva with four arms and with Umaparameswari by his side; Vishnu with four arms pouring water into the hands of the God Siva, and Brahma comfortably seated and offering an oblation; the giving of the Pasupata weapon to Arjuna by Siva, enthroned on his mountain and crushing under his feet the demon Musalagon, on whose prostrate figure he is believed to have resumed the dance of which all the gods were the witnesses; the exclusive devotion of Bhringisa to the God Siva that led Parvati to seek union with her consort in the form of Ardhanariswara, which was perhaps the commencement of the worship of the deity in its feminine aspect; the image of Dakshinamurthy *i. e.*, the form assumed by Siva in order to expound the mysteries of the Veda to the four Rishis; the worship of the serpent Adisesha; the youthful but elegant figure of Subrahmanya or Karthikeya; the massive build of Nandi, the bull-lieutenant of Siva; the deep-drunk Siva saints, otherwise called sixty-three Nayanars, on richly-sculptured colonnades; the *prakara* walls round the central shrine; the towering *gopuras* at the gateways and high castellated walls; the thousand-pillared mantapam; the several august buildings of massive stones with numberless pillars, and above all, the *Vimanas* rising from the dim twilight of the ages,—all these constitute the relics of antiquity, where the romance of history blends with the romance of art, each illuminating the other. The temple is thus a feast of beauty in itself; at the same time its historical implications are so profound that it ought to be a place of pilgrimage to every lover of beauty and art.

As one passes along the inner walls of the Meenakshi temple round the lotus tank, one scarcely fails to realise the importance and mission of the rare workmanship of ancient South Indian art, that has so long successfully combated against the ravages and inroads of time. The mighty pictures

of a heroic past, conveying as they do an aesthetic and reverent effect, cannot but appeal to the imagination. Such pictures are of descriptive, mythological, archaological and epigraphical importance. They can instruct the Western world, disclosing as they do the splendid record of traditions, the glories, and the historical memories of the great structures of South India. They influence one to a life of devotion in a remarkable degree. Of the splendour of the Taj, for instance, the Rev. W. M. Zumbro wrote thus in the American Review of Reviews several years ago: "Where is there in all the world a gem of architecture equal to the Taj at Agra, as it stands alone in its exquisitite garden on the banks of the Jumna, the finest monument in the world to the most beautiful of sentiments, the love of man for woman?"

THE MAMMOTH AND THE BACILLUS.

A Bacillus once perched itself upon the extremity of the trunk of a Mammoth. Immediately it had settled there, a mischievous magician altered the eyes of the Mammoth, so that they could magnify many more diameters than they were wont to do. When the Mammoth saw the Bacillus, it laughed, and giving a mighty snort, blew the infinitely small creature away, saying: "You insignificant and impertinent little rascal, be removed immediately from the end of my proboscis!" But the Bacillus laughed more than the Mammoth, and went and hid in some food which it knew the big creature would eat. Once inside the Mammoth, it started its evil work, and, as the mighty animal was not in very good health at the time, the tiny Bacillus was enabled to get a fine grip. It multiplied by millions, and, being whirled away in the blood-stream, so filled the great creature with disease, that the monster died.

Moral: However big you are, never make a mock of the infinitely small; you never know its powers.

H. PORTER.

SERINGAPATAM-

THE STRONGHOLD OF THE TIGER OF MYSORE.

BY G. NANJANATH, MYSORE.

EXCEPTING Vijayanagar, Seringapatam is the greatest of all historical ruins in Southern India. Lying between two branches of the river Cauvery, which form an eye-shaped island, it was the capital of various Indian monarchs, from Thirumalayya, the founder of the City, to Tippu Sultan, the "Tiger of Mysore."

Once it was a populous city. Its streets and bazaars were crowded with busy people from all parts of India. From it indeed has sprung the Kanarese saying "Pattanada Kote—Ganjam Pete" which means "The fortress of Seringapatam—The bazaar of Ganjam." Ganjam was that part of Seringapatam where, the major part of the population dwelt and where merchant princes sat in their shops transacting every kind of business, from selling grain to trading in precious stones.

Now what remains of Seringapatam? Only a few low mud walls scattered here and there, that mark the site of ancient houses. The great fortress, which "under the influence of the auspicious stars was filled with ornaments, articles of consumption and wealth—all the requisites of war, peace and greatness—and which under the grace of God was wished to ramain ever free from all misfortunes", is now in the lowest state of ruin. Only six years after the stone bearing the above inscription was erected, the fort fell—and from that day into decay.

In the year 894 A.D., Thirumalayya, a Ganga chieftan, thinking the jungle-covered island, yet untrodden by human foot, fit for the abode of Gods, built two temples, one to Ranganatha or Vishnu, and the other one to Thirumala, his tutelary God.

In 1454, Danayak Thimanna, after getting permission from the Vijianagar Emperor, built a fort and ruled Astagrama, or eight villages, round Seringapatam.

Narasa, the founder of the second dynasty of the Vijianagar Emperors who conquered all Southern India, captured Seringapatam and made it one of the four centres of his great empire by appointing a Viceroy, who held his court at Seringapatam.

After the decisive battle of Talikota in the year 1565 A. D., Thirumala Raya, the brother of Rama Raja, the last Emperor of Vijianagar, fled from the battlefield. With him he carried away fifteen hundred million rupees worth of gold, the last resources of the empire, on the backs of 500 elephants. He reached Seringapatam in safety and settled there still as a Viceroy. His

successors held it till 1610 when it was handed over to Raja Wadiyar, the powerful Mysore ruler.

Raja Wadiyar greatly extended his territories by subduing the local *palegars* (petty chieftains). The three subsequent kings were also powerful. But afterwards they were followed by a series of weak rulers, who became puppets in the hands of their Dewans (Ministers).

At last in 1761, Haider Ali, who rose from the position of a common soldier to that of commander-in-chief, wrested the throne from the right descendants. He was follwed by Tippu Sultan, the much-dreaded enemy of the British.

In the final race for supremacy, the British won and the fortress of Seringapatam was stormed and taken on a fateful day in May 1799.

The fort itself is an object of great interest. It is a massive structure of stone and brick-work, at many places more than 100 feet high. Originally there were three rounds of it, but now only two rounds can be clearly seen. There are deep trenches between these forts, which were formerly filled with water. To make crossing more dangerous, numerous crocodiles were let in. But now neither the water nor the host of crocodiles exist, only a dense growth of wild shrubs. There are numerous gateways to this fortress, the chief among which are the Mysore Gate, the Bangalore Gate, the Elephant Gate and the small water gate, by the side of which fell Tippu Sultan in the last seige. The Elephant Gate contains an inscription about the fortress in Persian by Tippu Sultan and an English translation.

General Baird assaulted Seringapatam from the Western side of the fort. A monument containing the names of Indian and British regiments, which took part in the assault, was erected there by the Maharajah of Mysore. A white-washed cannon on the other side of the Cauvery marks the site where the guns were placed in attack.

The dungeons, for which Seringapatam is famous, are two in number. One was discovered in 1899 exactly a century after the seige. How the dungeon remained hidden so long is a mystery still unsolved.

It was in these dungeons that the British prisoners during the war were confined. Even now the stone pegs to which their hands were chained can be seen. There they had to stand all the time, till night-fall, when they would be released for sleeping on the bare mud floor. In flood time the water would rise up to their knees and the misery of these men can be better imagined than described.

De Haviland's Arch which remains in a perfect condition to this day, was built by a French Engineer, De Haviland. It is a plain arch whose single span is about 112 feet in length and 3 feet in breadth. It is constructed of brick and mortar with two stone foundations at the ends. There is a granite slab as keystone in the centre. The wonderful property of the arch is that it vibrates if any one jumps on the keystone. The vibration is distinctly visible. How De Haviland was able to do it nearly a century ago is still a wonder. So far no engineer, either Eastern or Western, has solved the mystery of this arch.

So great is the number of visitors to it that a groove of more than six inches in depth has been formed on the surface by their constant tread.

Many legends have arisen as to the construction of this arch. One says "The Sultan, wishing to learn the secret of the Feringhee, sent a servant to spy on him when he was at work. The Feringhee, who was working in the strictest secrecy, shot the Sultan's servant dead on the spot." Another says "The Sultan, seeing the Feringhee's wonderful work and thinking that he would span the Cauvery by means of these arches, had him beheaded."

However, De Haviland was not killed. In 1807, he designed and constructed the banqueting hall of the Government House in Mysore. Another account says that De Haviland never visited Seringapatam at the time of Tippu and that he built the arch after the last seige.

Of the great palace of Tippu Sultan only one ruined wall remains to tell the story. "It was a great building which contained many beautiful and stately apartments," says an account. But now only the wall with an English signpost on which there are the words, "Here was the palace of Tippu Sultan", survives.

The huge temple, without which any Indian capital is considered to be equal to a forest, was built by Tirumalayya, the founder of the City as we have said before. From that time it has stood through various kingships, every king in turn enriching it. Even Tippu, who was known to be very hostile to Hindus, left the temple unmolested and actually gave rich presents to it.

A colossal figure of Sree Ranga Natha, one of the forms of Vishnu, adorns this beautiful temple. The figure lies in a resting position on Adi Sesha, the serpent-bed of Vishnu.

There are also other minor temples, the chief among which are the Narasimha Swami temple and the Gangadhareswara temple. Tippu had the towers of these two temples removed, because "they overlooked his zenana."

"The paradise of Seringapatam lies in the Daria Dowlat Gardens" remarked a traveller, and it is true. The happiest hours of Tippu's life were spent in these heavenly gardens. There on the stone steps he would sit, free from his royal worries, dreamily watching the river Cauvery roll by.

The garden and the palace inside it were built by Tippu Sultan. The garden was filled with flower and fruit trees from all parts of India. Tippu even sent persons to Afghanistan to bring seeds of rare plants. So fond was he of these plants that they were watered with milk, curds and cocoanut milk. After the sack of Seringapatam the garden fell into ruin ; but it was restored by Colonel Wellesley, whose headquarters it became after the seige.

The design of the palace in the centre of the gardens was copied from the palace of Dilaver Khan, Mogul Governor at Sirya. Tippu spent an enormous amount of money in building and decorating it. Every nook and corner of the building is lavishly decorated with colour designs. All the furnishings in the palace, except the carpets and cushions, are recent additions.

The side walls of the palace contain paintings depicting the victory of Haider and Tippu over English troops. Another painting shows the portraits of Haider and Tippu in different attitudes and of Muhammedan and Hindu officers under Tippu. The paintings were executed by the orders of Tippu and they have been well-preserved.

After Tippu's death, he was buried in the Royal cemetry, called the "Gumbuz", by the side of his father and mother. It is situated on a peaceful spot surrounded on all sides by a stately garden full of big trees, planted at the time of Tippu.

Strange to say a perfect silence reigns in the place. What a contrast to the tomb of that traitor, Mir Sadak. A mound of mud near the Bangalore gate, uncovered and unlettered, marks his last resting-place. As a sign of contempt, every Muhammedan who passes that way throws a stone at the grave of the unhappy man.

Another interesting sight of Seringapatam is Scotts's Bungalow, once the residence of Colonel Scott. One account says that he drowned himself in the river after learning that his wife and child had died of cholera. Another says that he drew a pension and returned to Ireland, his native place. Whatever may be the accounts, the bungalow is worth-seeing. All its furnishings have been well-preserved, because it was expected that Colonel Scott would return. But he did not return. Now it is the propertv of H. H. the Maharajah of Mysore.

Nearly 150 years have elapsed since Seringapatam fell. From that time, countless visitors have seen and admired it, and still it is a place of unfailing interest, well worth a visit.

"Just as there aie days when my life seems to have been a Golden Legend studded with precious jewels, a flowery field with multitudes of blossoms a radiant morn with love and happiness crowning every hour; so there are other days when, trying to recollect my life, I am filled only with a great disgust, and a feeling of utter emptiness.

What is the truth of a human life, and who can find it? God Himself would be puzzled. In the midst of all this anguish and delight; this filth and this luminous purity; this fleshy body filled with hell fire, and this same body alight with heroism and beauty—where is the truth?

So, on some imaginative days, my mind is like a stained-glass window, through which I see beautiful and fantastic beauties, marvellous forms and richest colours; and on other days, I look only through dull, grey-glass windows and view the dull grey rubbish-heap called life.

If we could only dive down within ourselves and bring up thoughts, as the diver brings up pearls——precious pearls from the closed oysters of silence in the depths of our sub-consciousness!"

(Selected)

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL MINT LONDON

THE sight of vast quantities of money is very interesting and attractive, especially if one is permitted to watch the intricate process of making the coins. Some little while ago, I visited the Royal Mint for about two hours. I should have liked to spend much longer there, to watch more closely all the phases of the work, which I had only time to glimpse at in such a short time.

The first place our party went to was the furnace room, where molten metal is mixed over huge furnaces—certain quantities being melted together, according to the coins about to be made. This is stirred continuously by an electric stir, in order that the various metals may be evenly blended, and afterwards run out into moulds to cool into bars. The rough ends of these bars, when they are cooled, are clipped off by a machine, and one end and one side turned on an electric grindstone, but it is to be noted that the small pieces cut, and even the minute particles from the grindstones, are carefully collected and used again in the furnace.

The heat in this room, the glare of the multi-coloured flames from the furnaces and the incessant noise and activity of the men tending them, made us glad to pass along to the next room.

Here the bars, cooled and levelled off, are annealed in order to soften the metal and prevent it cracking, as it goes through the various processes which are to follow—the actual annealing being a specific treatment by acid and water. Great pressure is put upon the bars to bring them out to the thickness required for the coins. As they come through the "pressure" machine, they are tested in the following way:—one bar is taken from each batch and a coin is cut from it and weighed on a very delicate balance. If a bar yields a coin too heavy, then that batch is sent through the machine again to be subjected to further pressure. Light bars are rejected, and sent back to the furnace room.

When the bars of metal of correct thickness are accumulated, coins are cut out from them, the number cut from one bar of metal varying, of course, according to the type of coin. All "trimmings" of the metal are sent back to the furnace room for re-melting.

Next, the coins are put through a machine, which is really a marvel of mechanism—each coin is gripped by a sort of collar, which mills the edges, whilst by the simultaneous movement of a "hammer" above and below it, the coin is stamped. Here then is the coin, shaped to correct size and weight, stamped and milled. But the metal has been softened before stamping, so now the

finished coins have to be further tempered to harden them against long usage. The acid process for this purpose discolours the coins, so they have to pass through machines in which they are washed and dried.

A further test now takes place—each coin being passed over a balance, which automatically sorts them into three varieties, those of exact weight, those slightly under and those slightly over required weight. These differences are, of course, very minute and not sufficient to justify rejection of the coins, so when they are being counted after testing, an equal number of the "lighter" variety of coin is put with the "heavier" ones as a remedy. Before being counted into bags, however, the coins are all passed over a moving belt and it is the job of certain men to watch these all day for any that are defective. We watched two men who sat with eyes glued on the rows of coins passing before them, all of which looked beautiful and perfect to our inexperienced eyes, but neverthless at intervals one of the "Watchers" would swoop on a coin and ruthlessly throw it aside. This would be sent back to go through the whole process again. We saw also the "ringing rooms", small cubicles almost like telephone boxes, where juniors drop or sound coins to see if they "ring true." Not every coin is treated in this way, but a selection from each batch.

English pennies and farthings were being made at the time of our visit, and several varieties of other European and certain African monies. The English farthings and pennies are stamped on both sides, but not milled at the edges, whereas many of the foreign coins have a hole in the centre.

In another room the coins are counted into linen bags, all by machine, and the bags packed into steel-bound boxes. Of course, strict supervision is kept over all staff working at the Mint, every scrap of metal and every coin has to be accounted for and the men are not allowed to move in and out of their respective work-rooms. At night the money is all placed in huge safes and the whole well-guarded.

This completed the making of the coins, but we had now an even more interesting visit to make—to the die stamp room. Here we looked at rows of plaster casts, the designs for coins, medals, etc., as submitted by artists. These are all kept and from them are made reverse and inverse metal die stamps. The centre of this room is occupied by a large machine, which I understand is the only one of its kind in existence and which might well be called an "Artist-machine." This will copy faithfully any metal die stamp, reducing or enlarging the size of it. Thus an artist may submit a design for a medal, his plaster cast measuring ten inches across, whereas the actual medal has to be only one or two inches. In such a case, when the metal die has been cast from the plaster, the "Artist-Machine," correctly adjusted, will copy the design in minutest detail on to another stamp of the required size. We watched the machine at work. Two metal discs were on it, a large one with the design and a very small one which had to receive the identical design. The latter was covered by a constant flow of oil, and both were revolving, but very slowly so that their movement was hardly perceptible. Two steel pointers moved concurrently, one over

each disc, the one tracing and the other repeating the design. Their movement is circular and outwards from the centre of the disc. The work in hand at that particular time would take forty-eight hours to complete, and then the machine would stop automatically.

We were shewn a small block of metal, which had apparently a small dent or scratch in the centre—on looking through a powerful magnifying glass, this "scratch" proved to be the exact impression of the King's head as stamped on a penny, and this is the smallest work the "Artist-Machine" can produce.

This particular room is in the sole charge of one old man, who is obviously completely absorbed in his work and is only too delighted to point out all details to interested visitors. This then completed our tour of inspection, and a very interesting and instructive visit.

MABEL BYE.

LIFE AND DEATH

BY H. PORTER.

LIFE — a splendid figure —journeyed from Heaven, through the planes of being, down towards the world. As he flew with unfurled wings, glittering brilliantly amid the shining of a myriad lights which radiated from the beings and objects of the spirit-worlds, he laughed for very joy of the Infinite. Wherever he flew, new creatures formed; yet this coming into being is a creation ordered by perfect science, for this god of Life is omniscient and omnipotent. There are no accidents in the original creation of beings. Men alone spoil Life! Passing from an unrestricted dimension, down to the limited dimensions of the lower planes, Life landed upon the planet Earth, after having passed the mighty galaxies of stars and suns. As he stood contemplating the quarrelling and hating nations of Mankind, he suddenly looked up, and lo! there was Death, standing in hideous garb just a little distance removed from him. For a moment, Life looked rather staggered to behold Death so close upon him. "What doest thou here?" asked Life. "The nations are at war again," answered Death, "and I am come to gather up the spirits from the carnage." Life looked, and beheld myriads of spirits leaving their mortal bodies as easily and quietly as a living mortal takes off his coat and casts it aside. Life looked and said, "Life, life life, all is Life!" and the grinning skeleton at his side turned into a glorious angel, saying "I am thy slave, O Life! Here I give thee thine own!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

(1). THE JOINT FAMILY SYSTEM IN INDIA.

OUR modern world, as an American paper decsribes it, has evolved "a civilasation, which tends to become urbanised, industrialised, specialised, mechanised and organised." Corporate bodies, therefore, are everywhere becoming the correct thing. And yet, this spirit of union, which at one time was found so necessary, is now becoming hard to cope with, and makes it difficult for individuals to preserve their separate personalities. This state of affairs specially obtains in India, where the joint family system is in vogue.

The family system in India, according to an England-educated Indian, is "both more *extensive* and more *intensive* than the English one, since an average Indian stands aghast at a definition, which excludes the father and mother, let alone brothers, sisters and cousins." There was a time perhaps when such a custom conduced towards more good than ill. A joint-family life, no doubt, is a very fine thing when taken in the right spirit, i. e., when individuals are given proper scope to expand in the midst of a conglomerate system. But such a thing, is always hard, especially now, when there is neither time, nor energy, let alone patience, to apportion individual claims amid family responsibilities; and therefore at the present moment, public opinion is all for separation into smaller families.

Something can perhaps be said, in favour of the family system. In the first place, there is an *esprit de corps* created, even though in rather a centralised manner; for family union can in a way be said to be a step upward to co-operation in social and public life. Secondly, the strong bond of feeling between the family members is so strong that it is bound to teach some altruism and self-denial. Mutual participation again in joy and sorrows is apt to enhance the former, and lessen the latter. Moreover, it is easy in families to give necessary pecuniary help to the poorer members, and hence actual want is less likely to be felt. There will also be a better opportunity for more efficient work, because it stands to reason that a united family must possess more staying-power under difficulties than a single individual. Moreover, in our land of child-marriages, it is often essential for the young wife to have the supervision and the advice, for some time at least, of the mother or mother-in- law, on household matters.

But then, "most of these advantages are very mythical, and where they do exist will exist in even greater measure if suitable measures were substituted for the joint- family." Moreover, there are many disadvantages. The sway of the older woman for instance, is apt to lie every heavy on the young wife. Neither the young husband nor his

little wife can dare to be happy in each other's company, for fear of being ridiculed as too sentimental. There is also no opportunity given to the young people to expand in any way. Mistakes of course will be made by them, if left to themselves; but such are necessary. How can the child learn to walk, if it is not allowed to risk falls? Joint families thus lead to repression, which in its turn is the cause, in both boys and girls, of timidity, want of self-confidence, loss of responsibility and independence of thought, lack of decision and initiative, and encouragement of childish ideals and conduct. Quarrels and intrigues, suspicion, doubt and deceipt, fear of criticism over well-meant efforts, encouragement of laziness and disinclination for work, are some more evils. Finally, the ladies who are in charge of a joint family have absolutely no time for themselves. Day in and day out, they are immersed in domestic cares and troubles. They can neither educate themselves; nor, if at all educated, can they find scope for congenial work. This may not be a hardship for older women of the old-fashioned type, who care for nothing beyond household matters. But, it does lie heavy on the younger and more modern woman, who in the absence of older women, may find herself at the head of a large united family. I have heard many such ladies bemoaning the want of leisure for themselves. Therefore, as our English-educated Indian says: "It may be that the joint family was a very necessary and useful institution in former days; but now it is as old and decrepit as a twenty-year old cow, and much more of a drain on the nation's resources than that. So it is that it is slowly dying out and is being replaced by a family, corresponding closely to the English type. It would be a real service to the country, if we were consciously to bring about this reform, instead of allowing it to come about unconsciously".

The disintegration of the joint family system should not mean, however, as it sometimes does in the West, the break-up of home-life, marriage-separation, conjugal independence, the relegation of children to the care of hirelings, the rapid mechanising of households, or the abandonment of all family obligations, specially in the case of poorer relations. Union of spirit must be kept up, and really ought to be easy, on the principle that "blood is thicker than water." In this connection one cannot help admiring some Indian Christian and Hindu families for the wonderful feeling of union kept up, in spite of independent family units. Sons and daughters separate; they have children of their own, and they keep up households for their little families. Yet, they all make it a point of honour to meet often and happily, especially at festival times; and they seldom let one another down in times of stress and trouble. Of course, there is some inconvenience caused, as well as increase of expenses; but at the same time it will be well to remember that, in these times of hurry and bustle and selfish material aims, it will not do us any harm to pause a while and give sympathetic help, not only where it is unconsciously needed, but also where it is consciously expected.

(2). AN AMERICAN OPINION OF INDIAN WOMEN.

It was with great interest that we read the following comments in an American paper about the *Indian Ladies Magazine*, as a mouthpieœ for Indian women. We had scarcely dared to hope that there would be anything for the American woman to wonder at in the progress of her Indian sister ; much less therefore did we expect her to be little herself in comparison. The fact remains, however, that there can be no invidious comparisions really made. If one is superior to another in one matter; in another one may be inferior. The balance is thus kept up. The chief point is that one should take lessons from the other and try to improve. We commend therefore, to our readers, the comments of Marion Clyde Mc Carroll (sent to us by the kind courtesy of Mr. Napoleon Bernard), especially this sentence-, "Indian woman are going to fight temptation to accept opinions ready-made, but we have already yielded."

Is this not a very important point ? In modern days, one is inclined to think oneself very independent and up to date, perhaps because one makes bold to flout the settled openions of people of an older age and fashion. And yet all this flouting and so-called independence is in a way but a mode of herd-thinking. "I like to be independent because I am told that is right. I like to flout convention because that is right," thinks the average modern girl. But we, Indian women, do not want that. We want to be able to think for ourselves; and at present in this transitory age, individual or "small-group" thinking is better in a way than a completely corporate attitude. We want indeed "to be prepared at home for *receiving* education on the right lines," not only for obtaining it. We want intensive and preparative education.

Marion Clyde Mc. Carroll writes,—

"We have just been looking over some copies of a magazine sent us by a friend of the woman's page.

"The publication, quaintly called the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* and published in Madras, India, is an all-round periodical evidently designed to keep the modern Indian women abreast of developments, which particularly affect her interests politically, socially and in various other directions. Surprisingly, to us anyhow, it is published in English.

Our perusal of the journal left us wondering, as one frequently does wonder, after learning of what women are doing in other countries, if American women are quite as mature in their attitude toward modern life as they are apt to believe.

We take so much for granted about ourselves and we take it for granted so smugly. We are so sure that we are well out in the lead in the world of women in advanced ways of thinking and progressive ways of doing: We are so ready to assume that we have more initiative and more independence than women of other nationalities.

Undoubtedly, it is quite true that we are more active here in the United States in the sense that we do more things. The records of our clubs and our campaigns, our conferences and our careers, stacked up alongside those of European and Asiatic women, would in all probability make much the higher pile of the two.

But that doesn't mean as much as we sometimes think. We may be running faster than some others in the feminist race, but that isn't any assurance whatever that we are going to reach the goal years ahead of them. We may be all out of breath by the time they are just getting a good start, and in the end may be lucky if we arrive neck and neck.

The most significant difference between the way we American women go to work and the method of women belonging to older races is that we have a tendency to plunge without thinking, where they hold back and consider. We act on the impulse of the moment, and in the direction the moment seems to indicate, where they proceed deliberately, making certain they know where they want to get before they start.

We are thinking especially, in this connection, of the remarks reported in the Indian Ladies' Magazine to have been made at the sixth All-India Women's Conference on education and social reform by Mrs. P, K. Roy, president of the conference.

'The temptation of attending meetings and conferences, lecture halls and platforms is coming into our lives,' said Mrs. Roy. 'No doubt they have an educating influence, but we ought to be prepared at home for receiving them on the right lines.'

Now, if there is one temptation more than another that has entirely run away with us in this country, it is this very one which Indian women are apparently going to do their utmost to fight. That is the temptation to let others do our thinking for us, to accept views and opinions handed out to us ready-made from the lecture platform and in the conference hall.

As a race, we American women are mentally lazy. It is much easier and more pleasant to sit in comfortable clubrooms and listen to others telling us what we ought to think—or what they want us to think—than it is to use our own minds on important questions and make them up for ourselves. It is so much simpler te appoint committees to study child labour and prohibition and other matters of public welfare and then vote yes or no to the resolutions they present, than it is to come to conclusions of our own.

It would be an excellent thing if some of our women's organization would frame that first sentence of this Indian woman leader and hang it on the wall of their clubhouses."

WOMEN'S FINE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION, MYSORE

THE opening ceremony and prize distribution of the Women's fine arts and crafts Exhibition, Mysore, which was held on Monday, the 4th of July 1932, under the auspices of the Bhagini Seva Samaj and the distinguished presidency of Srimathi Rajakumari Leelavathiyavaru, was a signal success in every way. Besides

Rajakumari Leelavathiyavaru, Rajakumari Desaraj Urs also graced the occassion, along with a number of distinguished visitors. Their Highnesses were very pleased with the Exhibition of the work of Mysore women and showed their appreciation by commenting upon them.

An interesting programme was gone through, every item of which was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, which numbered roughly 500—600 persons. The welcome address was read by Srimathi Dr. U. Abbayambal, the Vice President.

Then Srimathi Amritha Bai, the Honorary Secretary of the Bhagini Seva Samaj, presented the report of the Samaj for the year 1931-1932.

After the President's speech, came the formal opening of the Exhibition, by cutting the pink ribbons which formed a cordon over the floral curtains of the Samaj entrance.

After their Highnesses had gone round the Exhibition, they came back to the dais to perform the pleasant function of giving away the prizes, first to the winners of the various Exhibits, and then to the women and girls of the Samaj who had distinguished themselves in the year's work.

The Secretary of the Samaj had collected a substantial sum of nearly Rs. 500, of which Rs. 150 was set apart for silver and carved and inlaid prizes for the winners. Certificates were also awarded to those who needed commendation for the good work done. The Sri Vani Vilas Ursu boarding school and the vocational institute for women won such certificates and prizes. The Bhagini Seva Samaj also won some certificates and prizes.

Mention must be made of the generous donations received for the cause; from Her Highness the Maharani Sri Vani Vilas Sannidhanadavaru C. I. Rs. 150, the Mysore Government Rs. 100, the city Municipality Rs. 100, the District Board Rs. 100. The Exhibits comprised mainly hand- work such as, cotton and silk embroidery, crotchet work, tatting, knitting, woollen garments of every description, applique- work, drawn-thread and net work, plain sewing, and pictures done on canvas, water-colour and oil paintings and sketches, bead curtains and bead work of other kinds. and Jigna work and Rattan work, etc. etc.

SUSILA

BY P. S. A. KRISHNAPPA.

IT was a cruel irony of fate that removed Meenu from Kasi Aiyer. He and she had trodden the prosperous path of life together. Her death broke him down. He was conscious of only a dreary feeling, which seemed lonelier than loneliness and more sorrowful than sorrow.

Kasi Aiyer was the Munsiff of Ulundoor, a historic village, fed by myriads of streamlets. He was a

self-conceited man rolling in wealth. He had a large circle of friends proud of his friendship, and a larger band of flattering satellites. A legion of semi-nude menials danced perpetual attendance on him. But his stay and solace had passed away. The sceptre of his sway had left his hand for ever.

At the time of which I write, Kasi Aiyer was fifty years old. If he maintained the prodiguous vitality of a Varsity athelete, it was because he had never shirked 'drill' in his school-days, nor did he shun any kind of toil even to-day. He had waded through the Sastras, and stored his head with a plentiful stock of theological texts. But none of them could reconcile him to his lot.

Not long after Meenu's death, Kasi Aiyer began to feel that he could not get on without a partner, who would be all life and gladness to him in his old age.

One day, a venerable Brahmin, decidedly on the wrong side of seventy, queer-looking and with a unique pair of primitive spectacles resting on his nose, tottered towards Kasi Aiyer's mansion. There was the significant expression of a man of-business about his furrowed face. And the patent bundle of hoary horoscopes tied to his waist, revealed this nondescript as none other than Ariyaloor Appaswami Josyer, a person, in whose match-making proclivities the whole district had supreme confidence.

Kasi Aiyer led the old man in and received him in a fitting manner. The Josyer untied his bundle with of course the usual preamble of blessings and benedictions, and, drawing out some of the contents, moved closer towards his host. A busy search for about an hour and a quarter resulted in a wonderful discovery, a fine manuscript, its corners painted with saffron and its inside decorated with a rectangle divided into a number of equal partitions, in each of which dwelt some planet or another. Holding this paper in his hand, the old man showed his two rows of ivory, and exclaimed,

"Here is for you, Kasi, in place of your deceased wife, an angel who will outlive you."

A sudden smile illumined Kasi Aiyer's face.

"A thousand thanks for your self-imposed task," he said and laid himself prostrate before the sanctimonious match-maker.

"Long live Kasi," returned his guest. 'Let me go back to my hut now."

"Not so soon; not empty-handed. Pray accept my mite." With this eager entreaty, Kasi Aiyer put his hand into his purse and, taking out a note, greased the cupped palm of his benefactor with it.

"God bless your generous heart and may heaven hasten your marriage."

The horoscope picked and chosen as the best of the heap was that of Susila, a girl of sixteen, fed on the healthy meal of Western culture. Her father had passed away without leaving her anything to fall back upon. She had no knowldge of a mother, for that woman had died on the first anniversary of Susila's birth-day. An unnatural paternal uncle was bringing her up with daily groans and murmurs. In fact, he was panting to get rid of her by trapping her into matrimony. Trying as was her time

in her uncle's house, and though public columny was hard against her, Susila could not bring herself to be a slave in the world's auction-mart. She was a free girl, faithful to all that was best and highest in her soul. And, when the would be well-wisher of her guardian spoke grandiloquently of Kasi Aiyer, in the same strain as a skilful salesman speaks of his wares, Susila drew herself up to her full height and shot a whole quiver of arguments against her uncle's proposal.

The next day dawned in the streets with the usual liveliness. Young house-wives, tucking brass-pots of water under their arms, were hastening to their houses to make rice-cakes for the break-fast of their hoary husbands. Widows of younger age still were kneading scraps of cow-dung into fuel-cakes, their sisters scouring culinary utensils within close range of them. Dainty damsels were returning from their matutinal plunge in the sacred stream. Regiments of Purohits and Pundits, armed with patent caste-marks and *kusa-grass*, were marching with their eternal cries to God on high. The hum-drum green-grocer, the curd-seller, the ghee-vendor and the hawker of provisions, filled the air with their deafening advertisements. But nothing impressed Susila. Her mind was shut against the trivial and the common-place.

That day was to see the turning point in the history of Susila. Her uncle, a pious Brahmin, had left his house for the temple. Susila availed herself of his absence and slipped out of the house, not wishing to step into it again. She was not an aimless wanderer out for "doles," but an enlightened girl with positive prospects.

Sooner than it takes to tell, Susila secured admission into a nursing-school, attached to the town-hospital of Chetti-kotta, a neighbouring town to which the diseased humanity of the district went for treatment. Ten months of strenuous preparation entitled her to a job in the hospital. The poor girl was ridiculed, scandalised, and hated by her caste-people. She was the target of her sex, whether round the common well, or on the river-steps. Many women even forgot their mutual animosities and stood shoulder-to-shoulder in the sacred duty of penalising Susila. But a college-bred boy here, or an enthusiastic reformer there, hailed the news with immense satisfaction.

Once appointed, Susila was up and doing. She almost spiritualised her profession by her love of it. The occu-pants of the fifty and odd beds in her ward looked up to this slender but self-forgetting girl as their guardian angel. The smart house-surgeons in their war-paint vied with each other for her favours. But, Susila never felt drawn towards any one of the latter. She put on a grave and serene attitude, and never gave them the ghost of a doubt that she dis-liked their advances. But, with her patients, she was quite jovial. She never denied them a smile, if a smile could console a sick man. She deemed no work menial, and did the labour of ward-boy and scavenger, if they were not available. And the one person, to whom she felt mysteriously drawn, was No. 50, whose face and features were not unfamiliar to her.

Susila looked at the case sheet of No. 50. The doctor's diagnosis was a grave one. This man was pitiably pale,

and wretchedly washed out. He was very near death and despite expert medical attendance she knew he would succumb. "Deliver him from the jaws of death, if you can," was her innocent entreaty to God and the doctors. No. 50 understood her, though he could not hear her; and, before the last fatal symptoms could take possession of his mortal frame of flesh and blood, he enquired of her in almost a sepulchral voice.

"Do you recognise me ?"

"My dear sir, I do not. I am sorry for you".

"Very well, I must thank you. How can I thank you? I am that viper, Kasi Aiyer, who clamoured for your hand. You were wise in rejecting me, and I down-right wicked in seeking you for my second wife, knowing that an early widowhood would await such a flower of womanhood". Babbling these words, he paused, faltered, and then continued,

"I am aware of my state. If the subdued tones of the doctors mean anything, I know I shall die soon. And lest my soul should rot in the dark world below, let me make a clean breast of all the treacherous means I tried, to kidnap you. It was I who encouraged the talk against you. Then I sought out a magician to help me. But death suddenly made an end of him. That same day, I fell ill and here I am with one foot in the grave."

He sobbed and gasped, but Susila consoled him with the assurance that she bore no ill-will towards him.

"I can't forget your good offices to me here. You have heaped coals of fire upon my head by your undisguised kindness. I can't thank you sufficiently. What will you accept of me?"

Susila held her peace, and hung her head in sad reserve. The old man, repeated his query a number of times, and the girl had to please him with the answer, "Anything that you think meet."

"Then here it is—take it." He pressed a paper into her hand and fell back dead.

That paper was a will, by which Susila was made the sole heiress of his wealth. Later, she was able to marry a doctor with whom she fell in love.

A FRIENDLY TALK

FINDING YOUR MATE.

THE greatest of all the prizes that may be gained by humanity is a happy and prosperous married life. But one fact should be clearly apprehended in advance by any two prospective partners in wedlock, viz., that of inherent similarity.

We find married couples now-a-days having no real attraction for each other, because at present we are living in a cloud of social confusion. It is highly important, therefore, that we find ways and means to remove the cloud as quickly and as completely as possible, because we must have more and more real marri-

ages, marriages that are based upon true attraction and that are inspired by the possibilities of higher ideals.

In finding such ways and means, we must realise that, when the present social order has passed away, and a superior order has come to take its place, marriage will result directly and invariably from real attraction; that is, the attraction of personal worth and inborn similarity. In other words, each individual will give first consideration to the personal qualities of any member of the opposite sex, for whom a feeling of love may exist; and such love will arise directly from what we may designate as inherent similarity between the two—a similarity of mental and spiritual qualities, a similarity of ideals and a similarity of positive personal elements.

When we meet these essentials, we find that natural attraction will invariably arise, the kind of love between the sexes that alone will prove lasting and absolutely complete. Understanding these things, we need not wait for the present order to pass away, but must begin now to introduce the marriage ideals of the new order, for thousands are ready for the change. In consequence,a large number of desirable marriages will speedily follow which will go very far towards the making and building of a great nation.

We are all aware of the fact that present society is constantly misdirecting the law of like attracting like; while on the other hand, child-marriages, and such other unhappy unions mar the progress of society. And the reason for this is found in the fact that gold is the standard of modern Indian society, nay, of the world itself ; and we all know that, where gold rules the conduct of men, there everything is apt to go wrong. The fact that the majority have no gold to speak of does not alter the situation. It is evident that there are tens of thousands of men and women, still single, who years ago started out in life with the one purpose to marry rich.

Realising this, we can readily understand how such standards must invariably misdirect all the finer elements and sentiments of human life. And, when the goal is wrong, we are going to go wrong, no matter how good our intentions may be. Therefore, it is not difficult to understand why so many mistakes are made in every phase of social life and why so many things are the reverse of what they ought to be.

Therefore, the material standards that we find in Indian Society today must be eliminated at the earliest possible moment, because, with such standards, it is impossible to make ideal marriages the general rule. Then we should learn to appreciate the great truth that the soul constitutes the only real standard of all men and women, and where the soul is the standard, everything will begin to come right.

When we proceed to turn attention upon the soul, we go in search of realities of life, the real and permanent values of existence, those very things we do want, things that can positively satisfy every need and desire of human life, things that will prove true under every circumstance, and that will constantly add to the joy, the value, the power and the splendour of existence.

K. V. SWAMINATHAN.

THE Y. W. C. A. COLLEGE

AT SELLY OAK, BIRMINGHAM

In the realm of Christian thinking, as in the realm of politics there are difficulties which perplex the ordinary mind, but which have to be met in these days of diffused education by the ordinary young man and woman, as well as by the expert. Everyone, therefore, who is called to help his fellows especially on religious questions must take time for study and meditation.

An opportunity for this is given at the Y. W. C. A. College at Selly Oak, Birmingham, that Association being convinced that the greatest contribution it can make to Youth in the perplexities of modern thought is to provide a time for definite prayer and thought, whether they are taking up Y. W. C. A. work as a profession, or only giving assistance on Committees or in a Club. This is found in the College, which was moved a few years ago from London to the quieter surroundings of Selly Oak, a few miles outside Birmingham. In the quiet rooms, students learn to pray, an art which is often lost in the din of life; in the study they learn to think; and in the Y. W. C. A. Club in the City they are in contact with the great army of unemployed girls, whom it is the aim of the Y. W. C. A. to draw into its fellowship.

The Y. W. C. A. College

IS A VERY FRIENDLY PLACE. Somehow the atmosphere is one of friendship. One is reminded of the verse; "I call you no more servants, but friends". It is to promote this friendship among industrial and commercial girls, in Clubs for whom their sphere of service will be, that girls who have a call to do Christ's work come to spend two or three terms at the College. This atmosphere must commend itself to the students who have become conscious that what the world needs today, as always, is friendship, and that for want of it many girls suffer much in the public life to which they are called in these days. The students begin to experience the power of friendship, while they are in College, and are sent forth to share what they have learned.

IT IS A VERY HARMONIUS PLACE. The fascination of music consists in the harmony produced by a combination of different notes, not in the striking of one note, and this is the harmony of Selly Oak. The students get blended together like a musical chord, and do not suffer from the discord which comes when notes are struck out of tune. This is specially demonstrated on Monday mornings, when, according to the rule of the other eight Colleges, all meet together in the Weekly Prayer Meeting, in which each denomination in turn takes the lead. Not the least helpful to harmony is the time of silence, which is often observed in this meeting. No one asks "What denomination do you be-long to? What special note does your Church strike?"

IT IS A VERY STIMULATING PLACE, because a great deal of time is spent in the Lecture Room and the study, listening to the scholarly but practical lectures which are one of the advantages of the College, where the study is of a unique kind.

It is this kind of training that Club Sunday School leaders and others need; a working girl truly remarked at a recent Y. W. C. A, Conference on Training, "We want trained leaders, in order to help us to answer the questions asked us by men, who have lost faith in religion. Our leaders must be trained for this. We, girls, look to them for leadership"

IT IS ESSENTIALLY A CHRISTIAN PLACE, if Christianity means true internationalism. Of ninety-two students, who have passed through, twenty are of different nationalities, and have returned to countries as different, India and Esthonia, South America and Jerusalem. An Indian, now the mother of three children, was placed there by her husband before marriage, in order to be in touch with English ways of thinking. Several Anglo-Indians have entered the Y. W. C. A. service in India and are doing splendid work; another is in Geneva, and one in Hungary.

As the number of posts in the Y. W. C. A. is limited, there may be room in the next term, commencing in September, for students who are not pledged to take up service in this Association, and the training is equally good for any who wish to give special service to youth. The charge is £ 35 a term, and one of the three terms is spent entirely in practical work in some Y. W. C. A. centre.

All communications should be addressed to the Principal, or to the Secretary, Training Department, National Y. W. C. A., Central Building, Great Russell Street, London, W. C. I.

EMILY KINNAIRD.

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1). *Our Serial Story.*

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Raid into the Gooseberry Garden.

The announcement that Bala and Anand, sons of Mrs. Vikram's brother, were coming to spend their Christmas holidays with their cousins, transported Mohun into the seventh heaven. He had no suitable company at home and he was not permitted to associate with other boys. Now that his cousins were coming, boys about his own age, what lots of fun they would have together!

When the cousins actually came, his own brothers and sisters receded into the back-ground for Mohun, and naturally the children all split up into groups. Rukmini and Seeta were as usual inseparable, and so were Raji and Babu. Poor Vasant was the only one left to himself. In spite of his shy, brooding nature, he was at an

age when children long for company. The boys would not share their secrets with him, nor let him join their games, which at times were too rough for a nervous lad like him. He used to watch Rukmini and Seeta play with tamarind beans, or Kaffir nuts, when they were tired of setting up as house-wives or nurses for the dolls. Though jealous of their exclusive rights, the sisters however sometimes pitied their lone brother and assigned him a part which he accepted with delight, much to the derision of the older boys. This, together with the fact that any harsh word, carelessly spoken, forced tears from his eyes, further justified the sobriquet of "*timid girl*," he had earned from Mohun. Child as he was, he never appealed to his parents to interfere, but accepted any kind of treatment as a part of his existence and grieved in silence till he forgot the cause of his sorrow. But, to his great advantage, he could considerably influence his younger sister and brother and usually got them to do what he pleased, though he did love to play with the older children. Often too, without reason, he would suspect the intentions of the others, especially of the older boys, towards him and fancy that their whispers and secret meetings were all aimed at fooling him.

Rukmini and Seeta had a very unpleasant adventure one day, for which the boys were in a way responsible. Not far from the house was a gooseberry garden, belonging to some absentee landlord. It was enclosed in a low hedge of custard-apple trees, not that the gooseberries were rare exotics, but that there were other fruit trees to be protected from thieves.

In one of their rambles, the boys spotted this garden, and saw the gooseberries hanging from every sprig in tempting clusters. They discussed a grand plan and made preparations to carry it out. Fortunately for them, Vasant was playing hide-and-seek with the younger children in the house, and so it was only a task of getting the girls to join in. They were easily coaxed to make a raid into the gooseberry garden, their faint scruples being overcome by Mohun's accounts of cow herds, who brought down heaps of the fruit and enjoyed them in the afternoon with a sprinkling of salt and shreds of green chillies. The girls with their heads full of fairy stories, where people lighted upon unclaimed treasures, ownerless castles, and enchanted gardens, considered it a glorious adventure. It would be such excitment to bring a load of gooseberries home, where all the children could eat them with salt and green chillies, in the Sparrow Room. They both crossed an open ground, covered with thorns and thistles, dragging after them a long bamboo pole for beating the fruit-laden boughs. They passed through the custard-apple hedge, where a flock of bush-babblers filled the air with scoldings. A squirrel with black stripes on its back ran screeching up a tree-trunk, cocking its bushy tail, paused a little to look at the children, with its bright eyes, and then raced for a branch high up. When they entered the enclosure, there was a thick bed of fallen leaves on the ground. In a corner stood a well, furnished with a *picota*, which had evidently been long out of use. Seeta handled the bamboo vigourously and shook the boughs, beating down the berries. Rukmini ran

hither and thither, gathering into her saree the showers that fell down. Once a thorn went into her foot. She pulled it out and fell to her task again.

It was a lovely scene, Seeta in a snow-white skirt and purple blouse, and Rukmini in a pink dress and a sky-blue half-saree, against a back-ground of brown trunks, green foliage and the colours of the setting sun.

"Ho, who is stealing gooseberries over there?" demanded an awful voice in trumpet tones, from the other side of the hedge. The two girls, who looked more like wood nymphs than mortal maids, stood petrified for a moment, then looked in the direction where the custard-apple bushes seemed to be parted.

"Ho, Ramu," rang the hoarse voice again, "Here is some one denuding our gooseberry trees. Go round that side quickly and collar the knave."

Seeta dropped the bamboo and ran helter-skelter towards the hedge, divided the bushes and hurried headlong, screaming, in the direction of the house. Rukmini, more plucky than that, stooped to pick up the bamboo, made a sweep at the last handful and followed in Seeta's trail. The man, who had entered the enclosure, just as Rukmini escaped from it, gave chase to the sisters, using explosive language; but he was not fleet-footed enough to overtake the fugitives, who were bounding like stags.

The girls reached home and, reproached the boys in no mild terms for getting them into trouble. Seeta, too timid even to stay where her pursuer might see her, ran in-doors and hid herself. Rukmini, now that she was safe, stood behind her brother, defiantly watching the enemy's approach.

Bala, the elder cousin, a boy not very tall, but fair and pleasant-faced, had even at that time entertained high ambitions for his future. But, though more fond of books than sports, even he could not resist the holiday spirit in such a rural environment. When the girls appeared in such a fright, he asked,

"What is the matter, Rook?"

Rukmini explained everything hastily, before the man came up and burst into a storm of language:

"Is it their grandfather's garden or their great grandfather's propetry, that these girls came to, to empty the gooseberry trees of all the fruit there? Where is that tall girl who was bent on stripping every branch and twig bare? Now I shall see the master of this house, whoever he may be, and demand reparation. Where is he?"

The man stamped his foot in a rage, which sent a shiver through Rukimini's frame, as she anxiously gazed into her brother's face.

"Let us settle the dispute here," interposed Anand, the younger cousin. "Come, tell us what happened."

"What happened?" the man repeated in a voice that seemed to indicate that the event was far too serious to be narrated then. But however he said, "the gooseberry trees have been shorn of fruit. What do you say to that?"

Mohun looked very solemn and serious as he gravely remarked,

"You have committed a blunder."

"What blunder" the man fiercely demanded, while everybody else looked at him with puzzled faces.

"You ought not to have allowed the girls to escape," he began. "Next time

you catch them at it, bind them hand and-foot and hale them before a magistrate."

The cousins exploded into laughter, and Rukmini, who had expected her brother to champion her, looked blue. The ruffian went into a temper. Then Mohun faced him squarely, and asked,

"May I know if that was your garden, where the girls plucked the gooseberries? If so, please show me your title-deeds."

The cowhered had no answer. He turned on his heel and went away with rumblings and half-audible curses.

H. KAVERI BAI.

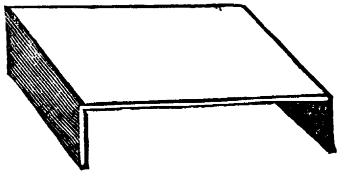
(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Today, all of us Indians, wish to help our India, and make it a brighter and a better country. We are never too young to start working for the uplift of our own land; but I wonder how many of you ever think of making yourselves useful to India? Are not most of you busy with your own affairs; with your lessons and games and the small things that worry you in your work and play? Of course, it is correct that you should pay careful attention to your studies, and be keen on games, so that you may develop both your intelect and your physique. It will do you no harm, however, if you also try to help those around you and strive to improve social conditions in India. A good plan will be to concentrate on just one subject. Make up your mind to study something definite, and work at it everyday just a little. For instance, take the conditions of the poor children of India. Do you ever think how miserable and dirty and unkempt and ignorant they are? It will be a good idea for you to study their conditions. Ask questions about them, and read as much about them as possible. Talk to them and try and make friends with them and teach them better habits and healthier ways of living. Try and save up a little of your pocket-money, month by month, and give them your old clothes and toys. Then, when you grow old, you will know all about them, and may perhaps help a great deal towards their uplift and education.

Now, I would like to tell you something useful to do during a rainy day at home. Have you ever tried carpenting? You cannot think what fun it is to make tiny little tables and chairs and stools of your own. I remember spending delightful hours at hammering and chiselling and sawing, when I was small. It used to be just lovely, creating little bits of furniture out of mere planks of wood. All you need is a cheap carpentering set, some thin planks of wood, sand-paper and varnish.

The best thing for you to start with is a low stool such as the one shown in the diagram below:



Take a flat piece of wood about 18 inches long and 9 inches wide, and at its two narrow ends nail two pieces of wood about four inches high, an inch thick, and nine inches long. Then sand-paper and varnish the stool, and perhaps you can give it to your father, for

him to put his feet on, when he is working in his office-room. Next, you can try your hand at book-shelves or tables, or chairs, or little wall-stands; you can use your own ingenuity, and make up your own designs.

You can also try making your own toys, by drawing an animal on a plank, and sawing the outline carefully and attaching it to a stand, and painting the animal.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

(3) THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

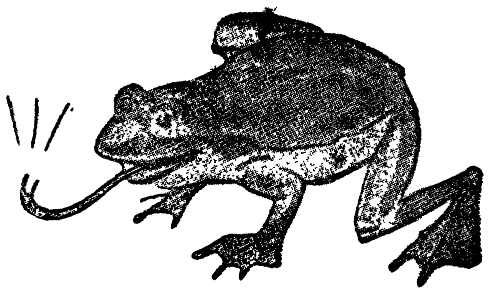
The following questions and answers have been taken from *the Parents' Magazine*, together with the diagrams. You will find them very interesting. Try and answer the questions before you look up the answers, and see if you are right.

Questions:

1. Can a dog climb a tree?

2. What animals go about in the dark?

3. How is a frog's tongue different from your own?



4. What part of a plant is the potato? Is it a leaf, a stem, a bud or a root?

5. Why do a cat's eyes shine in the dark?

6. How many fins do most fishes have?

Answers:

1. No.

2. Owls, bats, most moths, rats and other small mammals. The earth-worm comes out at night.

3. Your tongue is attached at the back-end and is free to flap around at the front. A frog's tongue is attached at the front and is free to flap at the back.

4. The potato is a stem. The eyes are buds.

5. Because the back of a cat's eye reflects light like a mirror. The eyes of all mammals and other animals shine, but the cat's eyes are very bright.

6. Seven.

(4). THE WINNING ESSAY IN OUR COMPETITION OF MAY-JUNE.

A Holiday on the Hills.

A cool, misty morning dawns in that romantic town of Sagar, the 'Gateway of the famous Gersoppa Falls.' We are only eighteen miles from those Western hills, commonly known as the 'Ghats'. We engage a car to these hilly regions where we desire to see the Falls. The scenery we pass through is wild

and rapturous. On either side of the road rise dense forests——the haunts of tigers and 'Cheetahs'. The car makes intricate curves, what the aviator believes to be the ant's mazy meandering motions! The journey is really very pleasant, with the sweet smell of the Sandal-wood trees we pass through, and an occasional encounter with a wild boar or a mild peacock across the road. We become even dizzy when we look down the 'Ghats'. Soon, we are fed up with this journey.

At last, we reach the wonderful Gersoppa Falls. An effortless climb up a hillock brings us to a Dak Bungalow. From here, we see the falls from the most commanding point in that area. It is an irresistible temptation for a man with a camera in his hand. Here, the Sharawati River, with a width of 250 yards, flows over a cliff 960 feet high, in four different falls. The first one takes a plunge of 850 feet in an unbroken fall, the second takes it in two descents, and the third in a succession of short falls; but the fourth in a series of showers. And these four cascades are respectively the Rajah or the Grand Fall, the Roarer, the Rocket and La Dame Blanche.

In the evening, we repair to Watkin's Platform, after having had a splendid dinner at noon. This is a popular spot from which to see the Falls. From this point, we make a descent to the foot of the cliff. A zig-zig way, cutting through big boulders and dense vegetation, takes us to the bottom. There is a constant shower of spray, as the waters crash on the ground below. The buzzing murmurs of the bees and the flapping flights of birds stir the soul deeply.

Then we make the ascent. 'The lower depths become gradually immersed in deepening gloom, until objects become obscured and finally blotted against the blackness of cliffs, their lower part being enveloped in a writhing mass of wind-tossed vapour, from which tall, white columns rise far above the cliff-tops, whirling and twisting and finally fading into the atmosphere, while over all is the never-ceasing roar of the falling waters. Sitting in the increasing darkness and gazing into the obscurity of the apparently bottomless depths, from which issue volumes of steam-like clouds, accompanied by an endless roll of thunder, one can't but feel profoundly impressed by the scene, a fit subject for the brush of a Dore, and a re-calling of his illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*.'

Late in the night, before we go to bed, we take a last glance at the dizzy moon-lit splendour of the Gersoppa. Here we see a wonderful phenomenon of Nature. There is a rainbow that quivers on the cool crystal-clear cloud that covers the cascade and the cliffs. And it is here that we have the idea of how a poet is made. And, indeed, the beauty and romance of the Gersoppa are such as can be described only by a poetic genius. No wonder, then, that it is the haunt of poets and painters, persons and personalities, press-men and photographers!

T. M. Krishnamurthi,
Aged 14.

[The prize of Rs. 3 has been given to the writer of this essay. *Editor, I. L. M.*]

(4). Our new Competition.

A prize of Rs. 2 will be given to the best verse on "Jasmines." The poem

should not exceed 20 lines, or be less than 10. Only girls and boys below 16 can try for this competition. Send in your attempts, with your names, addresses and ages written distinctly, to the Editor, the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, "Lismoyle," Harrington Road, Chetput, Madras, by August 25th, 1932. Any entries reaching us after that date will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

OUR CINEMA PAGE

BY THE COURTESY OF *Sound & Shadow*

KRISHNAVATAR:—Produced by Krishnatone, Featuring Miss Santakumari, Mrs. Bhole, Hyder Shah, Kasinath and Dass.

I do not know if in the long list of Indian Puranic stories, there is any cycle of stories which has captured the popular imagination more than that connected with Lord Krishna. For their latest production, Krishnatone has gone to the fountain head and in Krishnavatar has presented us with a portion of this popular subject from the marriage of Devaki to Vasudeva to the death of Kamsa. If you have witnessed this picture, you will agree that it marks a definite improvement on the ordinary run of Indian pictures. Hyder Shah consistently portrays the crafty and calculating Kamsa, ever intent on advancing his interests, undeterred by any moral scruples, though here also I would like to have some enlightenment how Vasudeva was transformed from a virile youth, able to hold his own with some of the mightiest in the land, weakly to submit to the machinations of Kamsa. Perhaps his is one of those many cases, which we see in the world, of man's spirit being curbed as a result of marriage! This production is also remarkable for the introduction of comic scenes which most of our productions lack and without which it is impossible to hold the interest of the audience for any length of time. Here again it seems to me that it would have been better if the comic touches had been dovetailed into the picture itself instead of standing aloof from the main-story as they do, giving the impression of being included purposely, or on second thought. Yet another factor, mention of which should be made is of course the fine photography where a most pleasing effect of contrast and harmony has been attained, by the judicious selection of backgrounds, settings and dresses.

In spite of all these qualities, the picture did not command as much popular support as it deserved. The main reaon for this lack of popular appeal lies to my mind in the inaudibility of the sound. After seeing so many pictures, it seems to me that, if only the sound-recording is good, many pictures, otherwise not remarkable for anything, will prove successful from the financial point of view, and I am sure any expense

14 AUG 1932

A SCENE FROM DASAVATHAR

By courtesy of "*Sound & Shadow.*"

Miss. Dharam Narain, an ardent worker in the cause of women's uplift. She is the Hony. Secretary of the Mahila Club, Mainpuri and of the District Branch of the Women's Indian Association there. She was the Hony. Secretary of the Health and Baby Welfare exhibition held in the last week of March.

Miss Subur K. Mugaseth, who scored a first class and topped the list in the B. A. (Hons.) examination in English Language and Literature, in March last, from the Presidency College, Madras. She is proceeding to Oxford shortly for her final course in Literature at one of the Women's Colleges. She holds the Christian College Gold Medal for efficiency in English language, awarded by the Madras University.

Miss Subur, who is in her 21st year, matriculated from St. Joseph's Convent in 1926, standing third in the Presidency. The object of her visit to Oxford is to take the Diploma of Education and an Honours Degree in English.

Photos :—*R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.*

to get the sound as perfect as possible will not be in vain. The treatment of the story too seems to me equally responsible for the result. The play was unusually long and surely the scenes, where the Earth and Dharma Dev are introduced, and possibly some others, might have been cut with results which would have tended to improve the picture. Again, the treatment was more narrative than dramatic. I understand that Krishnatone are contemplating making improvements in the picture and, if something is done as suggested above, I have no doubt that it will be a picture of which any producer can be proud.

LIFE-SKETCH OF RENU DEVI.

RENUDEVI is a rising actress of the Bengali screen. She joined the films in 1930, making her debut in the role of 'Jumelia,' in a detective-drama named "MAYABI." The success of this role soon earned for her a recognition among the film-fans. Next she joined the International Film Craft and made a hit in the role of 'Chameli' in the photo-play, FARMER'S DAUGHTER", directed by PROFULLA ROY.

Next she was starred in a number of films, in different companies under different directors. The following may be noted as her most important roles:—

As 'Nila' in "SAHA-DHARMINI" (A Rupam film production).

A farmer's wife in "APARADHAI" (A Barua production).

'Mejo-bau' in "SWAMI" (A Film of the East Production).

Second-lead in "HER SUSPICION" (A Radha Film production).

In all the above pictures, she has played with remarkable credit. She is a handsome-looking girl with a good pair of eyes and very fair complexion. Last year, in an article to the press she declared, that she had given up her film-career for good as she was tired of this career. But it transpires, that the likes and dislikes of a cinema-girl are only a passing phase. It is now corroborated by a studio report, that she will soon appear in the lead, in a forthcoming production of the New Theatres Ltd. This will be her FIRST TALKIE.

She has a good voice and musical talent and it is presumed her debut will be a success.

She is only 19 years old.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

Behind the counter in an attractive Swadeshi shop stood a number of Indian girls, dressed in pretty work-a-day saris, busily selling their wares to customers. Never in the annals of Indian history have Indian women been saleswomen before, but today, they are coming forward willingly to help their country. They are not paid, but do honorary work. They are well-to-do

girls, and with pleasure they give up a few hours a week to help the "Buy Indian" propaganda, which is taking such firm root in this country. Not only do women serve at counters, but they also work as secretaries and directors, thus shouldering the bulk of the work, and proving to the world that they are no mean business managers. These pioneer women, who have boldly consented to do such public work, are paving the way for other Indian women in future, to take up work in offices and shops as a profession. In Europe, thousands of girls work as clerks, saleswomen, typists, etc., but here in India, our ladies seem to think it below their dignity to take up such occupations. They therefore crowd the professions of teaching, doctoring and nursing. No doubt, the latter are much needed in this country, but the sooner our women learn to venture out into new fields of work, the more interesting will their occupations become. There is no dignity lost in doing honest work at an office or a shop. One can preserve one's own self-respect and still be a clerk or a shop-girl.

The honorary women workers at Swadeshi shops, therefore, are doing a great service to their country in opening up this new field for Indian girls. It will be but a step forward now for well-to-do firms to engage girls who are poor, as paid sales-women.

PUNKAJAM.

OUR FASHION NOTES

The other day, I came across a car-load of fresh loveliness and colour. I had gone out shopping, and suddenly, while I was in the midst of my purchases, a car drew up at the door of the shop, and out stepped the most lovely Indian ladies, all dressed in the most exquisite clothes. I had a European friend with me, and her words on seeing such beauty from afar were, "Oh, aren't they gorgeous?" But when they entered the shop, and came into closer view, my friend changed her opinion and exclaimed to me in a whisper, "They are rather made-up, aren't they? Let me try to describe their appearance a little more in detail, so that my reader may draw her own conclusions, and decide whether they looked really beautiful, or just "made up." They were almost all of them tall, graceful women, and wore expensive silk-saris with broad conspicuous borders of gold or silver. They had close-fitting sleeveless blouses with low necks, and made up of rather thin material. They wore high-heeled shoes and silk stockings, and their hair was shingled. Their faces were thickly made up with powder, and their lips were scarlet with lip-stick. They gave me the idea of just having stepped out of a Parision dress-shop. Every detail was seen to, such as the manicuring of their beautiful finger-nails, and the exquisite colour schemes of their costumes. I saw the same bunch, another time, dancing at night with Europeans

and they looked much more beautiful, for their make-up was not so evident in the glow of electric lights.

In almost complete contrast to such careful dressing, are some of our modern Hindu girls, who dress simply in cotton saris and cool *magyar*-cut blouses, who do not wear pins or brooches, but allow the sari to fall in natural folds; whose faces are not made up, and whose feet are clad in neat sandals, or little *Joothies*; whose hair is either done in a loose plait, or put up in neat coils at the back, with jasmines or other flowers forming a pretty crescent over the black tresses.

Which picture do you like better, reader? The former or the latter? Is it better to be over-dressed, or dressed just simply? Is it better to be artificially or naturally attractive? Is it better to strive for an effect, or to be effective without an effort? There are two cults of beauty in the world to-day. The artificial and the real. Both have their admirers, and in some parts of the the world, the real is being eclipsed by the superficial. Is India going to cater to the public taste of other countries, or is she fearlessly going to work out her own old-fashioned cult of beauty, and defy the West in boldly being simple and truthful in her appearance? It will be interesting to watch and see what our fashions ten years hence will be.

SISTER SUSIE.

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ.

BY L. J. BERRY.

DINNER BUILDING

By W. Teignmouth Shore,

B. T. Batsford & Co., London 3/6 net.

I shall always remember Teignmouth Shore gratefully as the author of "Touring London". Just as he gave us the real treasure of London, or at least told us where it lay, and how, and when, to see it to best advantage, so he gives us now most valuable tips concerning real meals, in this new volume, a perky little yellow book, just big enough to slide easily into a man's pocket or a woman's handbag.

Gilbert Frankau has written a concise preface, in which he welcomes the appearance of *Dinner Building* as a book that tells you how to eat well without eating expensively, and also a point of prime importance how a meal should be dished up in order that it may tempt the appetite of the dinner. The very first paragraph puts us on a friendly footing with the amiable author, who assures us that he will "try to be a helpful, sympathetic friend to you in your cookery, and a cheery one too, not in a dry, cookery-book way, but just at if chatting with you when we are seated either side of the tea-table." In turn, Mr. Shore explains in simple language that which he considers goes to make the perfect diner, breakfast, luncheon and supper. He tells us how to make up a *picknick* hamper, devoting a further couple of enlightening pages to the vexed (very vexed) question of making tasty sandwiches. In agreement with Mr. Shore,

some peoples' idea of an appetizing sandwich is not mine. It made me quite hungry to pass through page after page of delicious dish suggestions, from how, and what, to fritter, and fry, to the cooking of cabbage, cauliflowers, and beans. There are some delicious dishes made up from fish, rice, cold-meat, salads, cheese, and eggs. No housewife ever need be at a loss as to what to prepare for any type of snack or meal, if she possesses a copy of Dinner Building. Believe me, Mr. Teignmouth Shore knows his job. I take my hat off to him.

THE GIRL VOTER

By E. M. White.
Herbert Russell, London.

This book is written for the use of intelligent girls who desire to become acquainted with the laws of Citizenship, which are many and varried. No social or political achievement of the twentieth century has been more arresting or significant than that which enfranchised the women of the English nation. It has broadened and deepened the channel of opportunity for women as a whole and for those who have seized upon its new opportunities it has meant a tremendous enrichment of individual life, Some of the points touched upon in the course of the book include How Politics affect the Home, Why we pay Rates and Taxes, What the different political parties stand for, Something about Newspapers, The precedure at elections, Some Women Citizens at work. The whole book is delightfully free from technicalities of any sort, and affords pleasurable, as well as educative, reading. I would join with Mrs. Leah Manning, President of the National Union of Teachers, in recommending this book to all those who would take a hand in the preparation of the girl voter for her future responsibilities and opportunities, and more especially to the women teachers to whom new and splendid prospects of training the rising generation of womanhood are presenting themselves daily. This is the best book of its particular type that I have had the good fortune to read.

THE ELEGANT WOMAN
FROM THE ROCOCO PERIOD TO MODERN TIMES.

By GERTRUDE ARETZ. *Translated by James Laver (of the Victoria and Albert Museum), with a special Introduction by the Translator. With 6 Illustrations in Colour and 57 in Collotype. Demy 8vo. About 320 pages. 21s. net.* (HARROP).

This is not a history of fashion. It is both less and much more. It is a history of feminine elegance, of the mechanism of seduction, from the mid-eighteenth century to the present day. It is based on the Freudian theory that elegance has always an erotic motive, and its method is an accumulation of examples, a wealth of evidence drawn from the lives of Madame de Pompadour, Madame du Barry, Marie Antoinette, Pauline Bonaparte, Lola Montez, Cora Pearl, and a host of well-known women, who have been the queens of elegance and the directors of fashion. Two chapters are devoted to Emma, Lady Hamilton, and the eighteenth century in England, The author is well qualified for her task as social commentator, having made a special study of biography and memoirs in the period covered by her book. She has written

a life of Madame de Pompadour, and has translated the memoirs of Madame de Staël and of the Empress Catherine II, as well as Sir Sidney Lee's Life of King Edward VII. Her comments on recent epochs and modern tendencies—the 'cocktail age,' the rise of the *gigolo*, the influence of America—are most illuminating, and a series of aptly-chosen illustrations reflects the charm of former periods, as well as the piquancy of modern times.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF ALL NATIONS.

Edited, with a Preface, by ROBERT LYND. *70 Stories from 29 Peoples. 1188 pages. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 8s. 6d. net. Dermatoid, 10s. 6d. net. Antique Leather 15s. net.* (HARROP).

Mr. Lynd, the famous essayist, explains in his preface the difficulties he has had to face in compiling this volume. Very few of the great books of the world are predominantly love-stories, and those which can be so described are usually too long to be fitted into an anthology. In the prose fiction of the last two centuries, moreover, the most memorable lovers have been characters, not in short stories, but in long novels. Mr. Lynd soon realized that he would have to go beyond the confines of the short story, properly so called, and admit narratives such as are commonly described as long short stories—*e. g.*, the tales of Aucassin and Nicolete and of Launcelot and Guinevere. He has accordingly tried to bring together as many of the famous love-stories in literature as could be found in good prose versions of tolerable length. He has not scrupled to mingle original prose with prose that has been translated from verse; nor has he hesitated to introduce fact, when it seemed as moving and as entertaining as fiction (*e.g.*, the story of Antony and Cleopatra). As regards the definition of 'love-story', by which he has been guided in his selection, he says: "It has been wide enough to include almost any kind of preference, temporary or lifelong, of a human being (or divine person) of one sex for a human being (or divine person) of the other." Mr. Lynd ends his graceful preliminary essay with the statement that love has changed but little through the ages. Among the modern authors represented in the book are John Galsworthy, W. Somerset Maugham, A. E. Coppard, E.M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, Richard Hughes, George Moore, W. B. Yeats, and Willa Cather,

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS.

So many of our saris are spoiled by oil-stains, and there are few things more depressing than that. There is, however, an easy way of removing such stains, provided care and trouble is taken, and the colour of the sari is fast. Prepare a table as for ironing, with a thick blanket and a sheet on top of it. Then, spread the stained part of the sari and take a rough white cloth moistened with water that is fairly hot, and rub the stain. Then, put some soap on the white cloth, and rub hard over the oil stain. Take away the soap with hot

water and the same white cloth. If the stain has not disappeared, rub with soap again, and remove soap with the wet rag. Then, take a very hot iron, and iron well over the moistened part of the sari. Unless the stain is very bad, it will have disappeared.

Never fold and keep away your saris the moment you remove them. Always air them out in your dressing-room for at least two hours after they have been worn. You will find then, that they will not have that stale musty smell that good silk saris sometimes get. Blouses must be aired out for a much longer time.

When good *crepe de chin* saris with borders need renovating, take away the borders, wash the saris with *lux* and iron and then either sew on new borders or sew the same ones on again, if still good.

"PADDY."

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

(1). IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

DEAR EDITOR,

The articles by Mrs. Tampoe and Miss H. Kaveri Bai on this subject have been so scathing and so general in their condemnation that I would fain put up a defence for myself and ask them to come down to particulars or a few instances or give the percentage of the bad, when compared with the good—myself being a product of the modern age. It amuses me to be rated as "madly careering towards the seething maelstorm of destruction." I naturally am constrained to ask "how or why?" What is it that makes them so bitter against me? "A little powder, a little rouge, a little dancing and much talking?"

Every age produces its women and this age has produced me—so, may I give you an honest portrait of myself? Distance lends enchantment etc., from being set in a frame of beauty and being under a soft light. I have come down and joined the ranks of hard working-men and hence I have lost my "angel" charms and other such like qualities. But what have I instead? Not a bad face; garb, neat and workmanlike; figure, tall and strong, capable of much endurance; a keen eye, presence of mind, quickness of decision, mental clearness and an independent personality, that encourages others to lean on me. I have been told that I am not modest because I look a man straight in the eye—I am not an example to my children because I do not know how to cook or keep house, but "move in a giddy whirl of hectic pleasure with my *casinos* and my night clubs." (N. B. I wonder how many instances of this my critic can point out in one of our chief towns!) But my critic has forgoten that we, children of this age, have to work hard for our living and are often thrown on our own, so that cooking, keeping house, combining utility with beauty, seems all in the day's work, and they are not learnt as decorative arts, as in the ages gone before. The mill of hard-work grinds us all perhaps to a sharper brilliance.

The labourer is surely worthy of his hire—I work all day and so require a

little fun and frolic in the evenings. Tennis, a little bridge, a show or a dance, I love them all. They give me genial companionship and healthy recreation and make me all the fitter for to-morrow. Here I am absolutely knifed by my critics. She lives for pleasure and nothing else—what an existence! But I am one, who has been taught to depend on oneself, and who has her own standards of good living and high thinking. These recreations carry no evil with them. I agree with my critics that too much of anything nauseates and that is what they are doing to poor me, holding me up in the worst light and not giving me the ghost of a chance. But are there not in all ages of the world people who go to extremes in all the modes of life?

I do put some powder to hide the sunburn and the shininess, but it is perfectly obvious that I do so. The innate vanity of the creature makes me aspire to look as nice possible—and so I take trouble over the various details of my dress and my face and hair and hands. Am I then to be defined as "Dead Sea fruit?" It is for my own sake that I try to look my best and not for the sake of attracting men. When out on my holiday I immure myself in an out-of-the way Travellers' Bungalow, I am just as neatly got up as in town; so it is to satisfy my own aesthetic sense, that I take trouble over my appearence.

Now-a-days, we are not out to marry. Working side by side with men, we know their strength and their limitations and they ours; so that our natures do not agree enough to attract. Besides, what I desire is not the easy indulgence of a good-natured man, but the love and worship of a strong heart and mind. This is most rare to get, or perhaps I am hard to please or rather too conceited. As I have been taught to work and think for myself, I can afford to choose my lord. Hence my reluctance to yield too quickly to make a home for a man! But, if I do marry, I think contrary to the expectations of my critics, I can make my home a better paradise for my husband and children than I am supposed to be capable of, because I can join him in his work, in his sports and in his pleasures and so do not allow him to wander away by himself and thus perhaps "wreck the home". My children are my companions and hence we are a happy, healthy, vigorous and glowing household and because we have too much energy we are dubbed "fast"!

Dear Editor, am I too conceited? If so, please excuse me; but I am sick and tired of the continual nagging of those superior dames, who, wrapped in their own goodness, have forgotten to look lovingly on those around them.

In all confidence, I ask you, dear lady, whom does the modern man prefer,—me, or the Victorian gem of perfection. Could you not persuade him to send a reply? *"H."*

N. B. If all modern women of India were like the type described above, there would not be much need for criticising them; for the ideals of India will somehow have been preserved. But, unfortunately, all are not so; for some strike out in cheap imitation of the worst type of the modern girl in the West, freedom sometimes being inclined to licence. The fact, however, remains that modern girls, whether in the West or the East, can become ideal girls in many ways. May their number, which is so few now, rapidly increase.

We shall welcome replies to this article.

Editor, I. L. M.

(2) A FINISHING SHOOL.

Dear Editor,

Can you please include this in your correspondence column?

I intend opening a sort of finishing school for all young ladies, who have finished school and do not intend to go to college. I can furnish tuition in music, painting, drawing, literature, history, languages and also how to entertain and pour out tea?

I am quite respectable and aged, and can produce good references. Girls, who are engaged to be married and are marking time, or those who require to study without appearing for an examition, will be welcome.

Please reply to H, c/o the Editor,
Indian Ladies' Magazine
Harrington Road, Madras.

COOKERY NOTES

DATE CRUMBLES.

1 cup butter,	2½ cups rolled oats,
I cup sugar,	1 teaspoon soda,
1 cup flour,	1 teaspoon salt.

Cream butter and sugar and then add the other ingredients. When the mixture is crumbly, press half of it into a shallow baking pan and spread with the following:

I pound dates, chopped,
1 cup milk,
⅔ cup sugar,
2 tablespoons butter.

Cook until smooth, spread over mixture in pan and cover with remaining half of crumbles. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Nuts may be used in mixture for older children.

TAPIOCA PRUNE WHIP.

1 cup prune juice,
1 cup water,
½ cup sugar,
⅓ cup quick cooking tapioca,
1 cup prune pulp,
whites of 3 eggs,
½ teaspoon lemon extract.

Boil together prune juice, water, sugar and tapioca for fifteen minutes, or until topioca is clear. Remove from fire, add lemon extract. Fold in prune pulp, and lastly fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Serve very cold.

PRUNE COOKIES

1 cup shortening,	1 teaspoon nutmeg,
2 cups brown sugar,	3 teaspoons baking, powder,
4 eggs,	
1 cup chopped nut-meats,	1 cup stoned prunes, 1 teaspoon salt,

about 3 cups flour.

Cream shortening and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, and the prunes. Mix 2 cups flour with salt, nutmeg and baking powder and stir into the mixture. Add chopped nutmegs and enough flour to thicken the mixture so that it will just drop from a teaspoon. Drop on a greased baking sheet and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven—400 degrees.

CEREAL KISSES

Fold 2 tablespoons granulated sugar into the beaten white of one egg; then fold in lightly from ½ to ¾ cup prepared cereal; drop from spoon on lightly-oiled baking sheet and bake in slow oven (250 degrees) for about forty minutes. Dates, stuffed with toasted cereal and then rolled in *fondant,* make good candies for children.

All these are from
The Parents' Magazine.

NEEDLE-WORK NOTES

A SUGGESTION FOR A SARI BORDER.

Take a sari of thin white meterial. Choose your colours, and get sewing cotton in those colours, of about the same quality as the yarn used in the sari.

Draw out threads in the border of the sari, taking the material yard by yard. Attach the new cotton, in the colours you want, to the end of the drawn thread (not by a knot, but in a finer way, either by twisting, sewing or tying together) and pull through. Care must be taken to keep the continuation, when the work is taken on to the next yard. Many designs can be made in this way. The best will be to have horizontal lines in one colour, say red, or yellow, or blue, and outline them on either side, with black lines. Vertical lines can also be included with great care.

NEWS AND NOTES

WOMEN'S FIGHT FOR RIGHTS.

Representative women welcomed the Maharani of Travancore at the Garden Club, London at a largely-attended party organised by the Womens' Indian Association.

Speeches were made on behalf of several national and international societies, applauding the progressive administration of Travancore and the equality enjoyed by women.

One speaker said that British India might well follow the example of that enlightened state in many ways.

The Maharani, responding, said that women were as free in Travancore as in England. She gave particulars of education, franchise, representation in council, marriage laws and other respects, in which women enjoyed equal rights with men, and indicated the large part they were taking in the public life of the State.

The one thing women needed everywhere was economic independence, but she believed they would obtain this by co-operation with men. She did not favour militant methods.

GIRLS' EDUCATION IN THE PUNJAB.

The director, Information Bureau, Punjab writes :—

The annual report on the progress of education in the Punjab for the year 1930-31 shows that notwithstanding the many difficulties imposed by reasons of finance, progress has been maintained in the education of girls. The total expenditure on girls' education during the

year under report was Rs. 25,15,120. The number of girls' schools increased by 439, of which 122 were recognised. It is further satisfactory to note that the number of girls at school have increased, in spite of all difficulties, to 184, 301, thus giving a net increase of 15,561 for the year. The increase in enrolment in recognised schools was 13,042 and in unrecognised schools was only 2,519. The Lahore division stands first in the matter of female education, with 471 schools and 42,374 girls. Rawalpindi comes second with 412 schools and 26,221 girl pupils. Multan and Jullundur each have over 23,000 girls in about 340 schools, and Ambala division has 9,367 pupils and 216 schools. The demand for higher education is so large and insistent and has come so quickly that it will be necessary before long either to make further provision in the existing colleges, or to start an intermediate college for girls. During the year under report, several girls joined colleges for men, which may be taken as implying a distinct inclination towards co-education at the college stage.

Almost all Government schools have at least some space for play, while several have very large grounds. Their health has consequently been very good, especially as the parents of the girls make no difficulty about re-vaccination and inoculation for enteric, which is insisted upon for boarders, and encouraged for all pupils.

It is very satisfactory to note that during the year under review the training classes did very good work and the total number of trained mistresses who qualified was 388. Seven ladies took the bachelor of teaching degree from the Central Training College. The Lady Maclagan College furnished 5 junior Anglo-vernacular trained teachers and the Kinnaird College 11.

Unfortunately the optimistic outlook held out by the secondary schools and colleges for women is sobered down a good deal by the lamentable state of primary education. It is forgotten that there is a greater need in the sphere of education, than in anything else, to build soundly on the foundation. The inspecting staff, however, are trying their best to evolve efficiency and regular work out of this chaotic muddle.

WOMEN IN SOVIET RUSSIA

The first step in the political activity of working women consisted in assemblies of delegates. These meetings are held under the auspices of various large enterprises, while smaller concerns band together in single groups. The working women, who are not members of these groups, are organized into small societies for political education.

The chief activity of the assembly of delegates consists in the political and economic education of the working and peasant women. These meetings are not confined, however, to instructing women in political fundamentals ; they also awaken the interest of the illiterate in practical questions relating to their everyday life. For this purpose, the meetings are divided into various sections devoted to professional, legal, and industrial instruction. Special courses are given, teaching the mothers how to take care of their children, and how to organize their family life.

Thanks to the meetings and educational groups, women are taking more

and more part in political life, and especially in the elections. The following figures show the number of women voters who participated in the elections in those years: 1924-1925, 27·5 per cent.; 1925-1926, 28·1 per cent. In 1926-27, 30 per cent. of the women in the country districts and 51·4 per cent. of the women in the cities voted. In the same period, the number of women elected to office increased from 10 to 11 per cent. in the country and from 18 to 19·4 per cent. in the cities. Another fact testifying to the progress of our women is the increasing number of young girls attending school. In the professional schools, girls numbered about 40 percent of the total attendance in 1926-1927, and in technical schools they numbered 41·5 per cent.

Efforts are being made to improve the living conditions of the women peasants and workers, and to instruct them in housework. To this end the Soviet has set up permanent nurseries for the children of working women. Always with the idea of improving the condition of women, the State has established lying-in hospitals and clinics for mothers and children.

In order to bring the women of the nation together and to make them feel in close contact with distant comrades, the women's organizations make skilful use of the press. Moscow and Leningrad boast four newspapers for working and peasant women, and their circulation totals 325,000 copies. In all of the Soviet Republics, we have fifteen women's newspapers, six of them in Oriental languages. Another achievement has been the creation of a written language, and even of an alphabet, for people who never possessed any form of script.

The Government has also made considerable headway in improving the living conditions of the nomads of Siberia and the inhabitants of the Volga Valley, giving them all opportunity to study and a chance to improve their lot. Since sanitary dwelling is the first line of defence in the fight against heavy mortality, various local groups, especially among the nomads of Siberia and Asia, have issued decrees forbidding the housing together of human beings and animals.

In so far as the position of women is concerned, the local authorities in Yakutsk, Turkestan, the territory of the Uzbegs, Tartary, and Azerbaijan have granted them civil and political equality, in accordance with the Constitution of the Soviet Union, as proclaimed through its decrees. The most significant of these decrees is the one stating that women have an equal right with men to own land; and other laws have forbidden the purchase of women. In fact this custom has been defined in the civil code as slave traffic.

In 1925, eighteen women's clubs in Azerbaijan had 1,080 members. During the same year in the same province 34 organizations with 479 members attacked illiteracy. Now 13·6 per cent. of the members of the local Soviet are women, numbering six thousand in all. In the year 1925, five women in Turkestan were members of the Soviet. The next year the number increased to twelve, and in 1927 to twenty-one. In the elections 455,000 women were eligible to vote, and 130,000, or 28 per cent., cast their ballots.

The women's Communist group in the Republic of Yakutsk in 1925 numbered only 33 members. During the first year the number of women elected to the local Soviet varied between 4 and 16 per cent. In the same period three Yakutsk women were elected to the Central Executive Committee of the Autonomous Yakutsk Republic. The women's group also established a nursery and a tailoring establishment where thirty Yakutsk women worked. In this Republic, where the population is scattered over so wide a territory, school instruction is difficult, and travelling schools have been organized to raise the cultural level of the people. Reports state that the Yakutsk women have shown themselves eager to learn. Frequently girls come from far off provinces to the Central Committee to learn and work at the same time. During this period the girls go to school for twenty days and then work for ten.

I have confined my examples of the emancipation of women to two Asiatic republics. Of these, Azerbaijan has made the greatest progress and Yakutsk the least. The real efforts for reform date back not more than three or four years, but there is already time enough to perceive that a real and significant movement is under way to improve the lot of Russian women all the way from the Caucasus Mountains to the Arctic Circle and the foothills of the Himalayas.

Stri-Dharma

WOMEN IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Statistics which have recently been published by the Czechoslovakian Association of University women show that more than 5,000 women are at present studying at Czechoslovakin Universities and more than 300 at the Higher Technical Schools. There are more than 900 women doctors in the country, partly engaged in private practice and partly serving in the various Public Health Services. Seven women are lecturers at Universities, over 800 are on the teaching staff of secondary schools and more than 80 work in establishments of scientific research and in public libraries.

Czechoslovakia has now nine women advocates and almost 90 candidates for this profession, one is assistant to a "Notaire" and three are preparing themselves for the position of "Notaire", while there are 28 candidates for the Bench—a profession which has been recently thrown open to women. Eighteen University women are employed in various municipal services. There are now quite a number of women functionaries in the Civil Service, some in higher positions and a few occupying the posts of Heads of Sections. 15 women have passed their examinations as apothecaries and are employed in dispensaries.

Among those who have graduated from the Higher Technical Schools, some are occupied in private enterprises, some in factories, while others have attained good positions in commerce. We have quite a number of women architects, engineers and mathematicians. The society of Czechoslovakian Engineers counts 40 women among its members.

Stri Dharma

WOMEN'S EMPIRE CONFERENCE.

The British Commonwealth League Conference, which opened at the

Friends' House' was attended by women delegates from many parts of the British Empire. Australia and India were especially well represented.

The subjects for consideration include the civil rights of married women, racial intermixture, woman suffrage in India, in Quebec, in Bermuda, and in Malta, medical service for native women and a series of resolutions, relating to the aboriginals of Astralia. The discusssions on the resolutions were of special value, because so many facts emerged that threw a light on conditions and problems of women's life in many countries, and showed where co-operation between women of the Commonwealth is required.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

MAY.

	Dr. Burt, Switzerland	3	2	0
	Miss Hecon, Madras	3	8	0
	Mrs. Sinnatamby, Ceylon	4	12	9
	Dr. L. Samuel, Sholingur	4	12	0

JUNE.

1.	Khan Bahadur Ammoo Sahib, Trichinopoly	2	8	0
2.	Mrs. K. M. Abraham, Calcutta	2	8	0
3.	N. K. Ayyangar Esq., Bombay	3	12	0
4.	Mrs. Achayya, Madras	3	12	0
5.	Mrs. Banninga, Pasumalai	2	4	0
6.	Napoleon Bernard Esq., America	7	0	0
7.	S. Krishna Bhagath Esq., Tellichery	2	8	0
8.	Miss Brandt, Cooch-Behar	2	2	0
9.	Srimati Jesua Bala Devi, Kurseong	2	8	0
10.	Major A. S. Cowdell, V. D., Ootacamund	2	8	0
11.	Mrs. T. P. Das, Bangalore	2	8	0
12.	Mrs. S. K. Ghosh, Rangamati	2	8	0
13.	Mrs. D. S. Herrick, America	4	0	0
14.	Head-mistress, English High School for Girls, Trivandrum	3	2	0
15.	Mrs. D. Isaac, Dehra Dun	2	2	0
16.	S. R. Josyer Esq. Mysore	2	2	0

17.	Mrs. Kumarappa, Mysore	2	8	0
18.	Mrs. Kunji Kannan, Cannanore	2	8	0
19.	Dr. Joanna Lyons, Rawalpindi	2	2	0
20.	Mrs. Lazrado, Coimbatore	2	2	0
21.	Mrs. Mirza, Bangalore	2	8	0
22.	Mrs. Matthai, Ootacamund	3	12	0
23.	N. T. Master Esq., Bombay	2	8	0
24.	W. H. Mitchell Esq., Calicut	2	8	0
25.	Miss Marshall, Vellore	2	2	0
26.	Manikya Muthayya Esq., Badagara	2	2	0
27.	Rao Sahib K. A. Mukundan, Calicut	2	8	0
28.	Mrs. N. K. Murthi, Madras	3	10	0
29.	Mrs. W. R. C. Paul, Ceylon	2	8	0
30.	N. Ramachandran Esq., Tiruvarur	2	2	0
31.	Mrs. A. K. Raghavan, Palghat	2	2	0
32.	Sreemathi S. Runganayaki Amma, Devangere	2	8	0
33.	Ramaswamy Iyengar Esq., Sivaganga	2	2	0
34.	Mrs. P. Sanjeeva Rao, Benares	2	2	0
35.	G. Sreenivasa Iyer Esq., Dindigul	2	2	0
36.	Mrs. Shankaran, Cannanore	1	8	0
37.	Secy. Women's Intermediate College, Bangalore	2	8	0
38.	Secy., Ladies' Club, Mangalore	2	8	0
39.	G. P. Therian Esq., Erode	2	8	0
40.	Mrs. Ammu Thampurathi, Perinthalamanna	2	2	0
41.	J. V. Thomas Esq, Dharapuram	2	8	0
42.	Mrs. Tampoe, England	7	4	0
43.	Mrs. Verghese, Ernakulam	2	2	0
44.	Mrs. A. Verghese, Choughat	2	8	0
45.	Mrs. Vijiaraghavan, Ootacamund	3	12	0
46.	Mrs. P. Venkataramana Rao, Guntur	3	10	0
47.	Dr. C. T. Williams, Ceylon	2	2	0